

# Playbill

**SATURDAY:** *A Magnum for Schneider*, by James Mitchell, starring Edward Woodward, Joseph Furst, Ronald Radd and Peter Bowles

**THURSDAY:** *The Crossfire*, by Maurice Edelman, M.P., starring Eric Portman, Jeannette Sterke, Peter Wyngarde, Ian Hendry

by  
**ANTHONY  
DAVIS**

*Joseph Furst, left, Francesca Tu and Edward Woodward in Saturday's Armchair Theatre presentation A Magnum for Schneider*



**A** NEW secret agent makes his debut this week. His name: David Callan. His profession: licensed executioner for a security organisation.

Callan makes his first appearance in Saturday's *Armchair Theatre* drama, *A Magnum for Schneider*. (The Magnum of the title is a pistol, not a bottle.) Later this year, Callan will be featured in a series of one-hour thrillers, on which production starts in April.

Created by James Mitchell, once-time schoolmaster and travel courier, he will be played by Edward Woodward, formerly a leading member of the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford.

Callan is a killer—but a reluctant one, prematurely retired at the age of 35 to become a clerk, because of a tendency to question orders and to show clemency to the targets assigned him.

At the start of *A Magnum for Schneider*, Callan is offered his old job back—provided he kills Rudolph Schneider (Joseph Furst), a bluff German working in London. No reason is given.

Ronald Radd appears as Colonel Hunter, the ruthless head of security, who sits as jury and judge, ordering the deaths of men he has never met by transferring their names to a red-covered file. Peter Bowles plays his odious, ex-public school assistant.

Edward Woodward says of Callan: "He is no cardboard character but a very complicated one. Underneath his quiet toughness he's a loser with a sardonic sense of humour."

Married to actress Venetia Barrett and father of Timothy, 13, Peter, 10, and Sarah, three, Edward Woodward confesses a liking for spy stories, "providing they're good ones."

He maintains a cabin cruiser at Chiswick and is the only actor I know who has arrived at TV studios in a rowing-boat.

Set in Algeria during the Civil War which ended only five years ago, *The Crossfire*, on Thursday brings Eric Portman back to television drama for the first time in three years.

Voice as rich as ever, the 63-year-old actor told me: "I would like to do more tele-



*Ian Hendry, left, and Eric Portman get caught up in The Crossfire, the play by Maurice Edelman, M.P.*

vision, but unfortunately, or fortunately, I seem to get involved in so many long-running stage plays, both here and in America. And I like to spend as much time as I can at my cottage in Cornwall.

"But this is a remarkably good play."

Eric plays Dr. David Sorel, a distinguished and dedicated physician, caught in the crossfire between European and Moslem extremists in the war.

He is caught from the moment he takes into his hos-

pital a Moslem child injured in a terrorist bomb outrage. He holds that his medical skill is available to all who need it, irrespective of their race.

But, hate-blinded white rebels are calling him "traitor". His daughter (Jeannette Sterke), her husband (Peter Wyngarde) and their friend (Ian Hendry), a government agent, are tangled in the terrorists' plots. And the play, which author Maurice Edelman writes about on the facing page, builds to a horrifying climax.



**ARMCHAIR THEATRE**

**PRESENTS**

**A MAGNUM  
FOR SCHNEIDER  
AT 10.30**



**EDWARD WOODWARD**



**JOSEPH FURST with FRANCESCA TU**

# 10.30 Armchair Theatre

See  
pages  
10-11

PRESENTS

## A Magnum for Schneider

Can a spy retire?  
Not if Control says 'No'

BY JAMES MITCHELL

STARRING

EDWARD WOODWARD

JOSEPH FURST

RONALD RADD

PETER HOWLES

WITH

Francesca Tu

CAST

*Colonel Hunter*.....Ronald Radd

*Mares*.....Peter Bowles

*Callan*.....Edward Woodward

*Rudolph Schneider*...Joseph Furst

*Waterman*.....Ivor Dean

*Det.-Insp. Pollock*..Martin Wyldes

*Det.-Sgt. Jones*...John Scarborough

*Lonely*.....Russell Hunter

*Miss Brewis*.....Helen Ford

*Jenny*.....Francesca Tu

*Secretary*.....Judy Champ

STORY EDITOR TERENCE FEELY

DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL

PRODUCED BY

LEONARD WHITE

DIRECTED BY

BILL BAIN

'That's what security is for—protecting innocent people.' But can Security be both judge and jury—and the executioner?

ABC Television Network Production



# **CALLAN: 9.0**

*Linda Marlowe and Powys Thomas*

**9.0**

## **CALLAN**

*The first of a New Series*

*starring*

**EDWARD WOODWARD**

*in*

## **The Good Ones are All Dead**

*by James Mitchell*

*also starring*

**RONALD RADD**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

*with*

**Russell Hunter**

*Cast in order of appearance*

**Callan** ..... **EDWARD WOODWARD**

**Hunter** ..... **RONALD RADD**

**Merci** ..... **ANTHONY VALENTINE**

**Stavros** ..... **POWYS THOMAS**

**Jeanne** ..... **LINDA MARLOWE**

**Avram** ..... **TOM KEMPINSKI**

**Berg** ..... **DAVID LANDER**

**Lonely** ..... **RUSSELL HUNTER**

**Secretary** ..... **LISA LANGDON**

*Designed by MALCOLM GOULDING*

*Associate producer* **TERENCE FEELY**

*Executive producer* **LLOYD SHIRLEY**

*Directed by* **TOBY ROBERTSON**

*"You do this for me, Callan — or I'll have you destroyed. I mean it."*

*ABC Weekend Network Production*

*See Series and Serials: pages 16-17*

**NEW  
SERIES**



**EDWARD WOODWARD**  
As Callan he wouldn't be killed

## KILLER CALLAN IS BACK IN BUSINESS

**T**HIS man is a killer. He's still in business because when it was his turn to die things didn't work out. They couldn't kill *Callan* (Saturday, 9:00).

Callan first appeared as the anti-hero in the *Armchair Theatre* play "A Magnum for Schneider," but when the play was over the character went on.

"It happens sometimes," said author James Mitchell who created him, "it's as if the character takes on a life of its own."

"Everybody wanted to know more about him and so did I and that's how this new series was born."

Callan is a secret service agent working for a fictional department devoted to watching (and if necessary eliminating) enemies of the State.

"It was an uncanny experience to watch Edward Woodward bring him to life," said Mitchell. "It was exactly the man as I imagined him, every movement, every nuance of expression was right."

"He's not a glossy, James Bond spy. He's a flawed man in a way—he hates what he does but he has to do it. He's ruthless, yet he has this unhappy genius for personal involvement. He can't help caring."

Mitchell, born in South Shields in 1926,

has been fascinated by espionage for many years. He was actor, travel agent, shipyard worker and teacher before he began writing for a living.

He writes thrillers under the name of James Munro.

"There are stories in the papers every day, if you recognize them," he said. "I've been collecting material on espionage for years and I have a very extensive library. I got a lot of stuff from the States — mail order lists of the latest guns and microphone bugs. The techniques of espionage are important, but it's the character of the men involved that interests me."

## Callan — Reluctant Agent

Callan is both the name of the man and the new series which starts Saturday. Edward Woodward stars in the title role. Below he is seen with Linda Marlowe in the first episode "The Good Ones are All Dead"





**9.0**

## Callan

**NEW  
SERIES**

The first of a new series  
STARRING  
**EDWARD WOODWARD**  
IN

### **The Good Ones are All Dead**

BY JAMES MITCHELL

ALSO STARRING

**RONALD RADD**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

WITH

**Russell Hunter**

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

*Callan* ..... **Edward Woodward**

*Hunter* ..... **Ronald Radd**

*Meres* ..... **Anthony Valentine**

*Stavros* ..... **Powys Thomas**

*Jeanne* ..... **Linda Marlowe**

*Avram* ..... **Tom Kempinski**

*Berg* ..... **David Lander**

*Lonely* ..... **Russell Hunter**

*Secretary* ..... **Lisa Langdon**

DESIGNED BY MALCOLM GOULDING

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

**TERENCE FEELY**

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

**LLOYD SHIRLEY**

DIRECTED BY TOBY ROBERTSON

'You do this for me, Callan—or I'll  
have you destroyed. I mean it'

*ABC Weekend Network Production*

**See page 9**

ANGLIA July 15-July 21

# TV TIMES / 6d

Cover

Edward Woodward as *CALLAN*  
Saturday at 9 p.m.

*Country Boy from the city*  
See pages 6-7





**9.0**

# **Callan**

STARRING

**EDWARD WOODWARD**

IN

## **Goodbye Nobby Clarke**

BY ROBERT BANKS STEWART

ALSO STARRING

**RONALD RADD**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

WITH

**Russell Hunter**

*Nobby Clarke*.....**Michael Robbion**

*Hunter*.....**Ronald Radd**

*Mercs*.....**Anthony Valentine**

*Callan*.....**Edward Woodward**

*Miss Brewin*.....**Helen Ford**

*Kena*.....**Flannuala Flanagan**

*Kanara*.....**Dennis Alaba Peters**

*Stan Sheppick*.....**Alfred Hoffman**

*Laundrette attendant*.....**Sally Travers**

*Lonely*.....**Russell Hunter**

*Blair*.....**Bruce Purchase**

*Fenton*.....**John Dunn-Hill**

DESIGNED BY **BRYAN GRAVES**

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER **TERENCE FEELEY**

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

**LOYD SHIRLEY**

DIRECTED BY **PETER DUGUID**

'You shouldn't have come here, Callan. I was always too good for you, I taught you, remember'

*ABC Television Network Production*

# TVWORLD<sup>6d</sup>

Complete Midland ITV programmes SATURDAY JULY 15 – FRIDAY JULY 21



Edward Woodward stars in *Callan*: Saturday 9.0

**DICKIE HENDERSON FROM BLACKPOOL** TOP STAR TALKING

**150 mph BATTLE FOR THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX** IN COLOUR

**WOMEN WHO PICK THE STARS OF ITV** SEE PAGES 4-5

## COVER PICTURE

A determination to learn to act before aiming for stardom is now yielding dividends for Edward Woodward, star of *Collon* (Saturday, 9.0). With the praise of New York's critics still ringing in his ears for his part in "Rattle of a Simple Man", his selection by Noel Coward to star in "High Spirits", and his landing of the role of Guy Crouchback in the TV dramatisation of Evelyn Waugh's "Sword of Honour" trilogy, the future of 37-year-old Woodward appears very bright indeed.

9.0

# CALLAN

starring

**EDWARD WOODWARD**

in

## Goodbye Nobby Clarke

by Robert Banks Stewart

a-50 starring

**RONALD RADD**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

with

**Russell Hunter**

*Cast in order of appearance*

Nobby Clarke

MICHAEL ROBBINS

Hunter

RONALD RADD

Meres

ANTHONY VALENTINE

Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD

Miss Brews

HELEN FORD

Rena

FIONNOLA FLANAGAN

Kanaro

DENNIS ALABA PETERS

Sara Sheppick

ALFRED HOFFMAN

Laundrette Attendant

SALLY TRAYNOR

Lunchy

RUSSELL HUNTER

Blair

BRUCE PURCHASE

Fenton

JOHN DUNN-HILL

*Designed by* BRYAN GRAVES

*Associate producer*

TERENCE FLELY

*Executive producer* LLOYD SHIRLEY

*Directed by* PETER DUGGID

"You shouldn't have come here, Callan. I was always too good for you. I taught you, remember."

*ABC Weekend Network Production*

See People: page 3, Series and Serials: pages 18-19 and Women: page 19



**CALLAN 9.0**

Ronald Radd in the part of Hunter

# MAN FROM THE GORBALS FINDS HIS SPIRITUAL HOME

**A**S Lonely, the seedy underworld crook of *Callan* (Saturday, 90), Russell Hunter gets involved in many strange, spine-chilling situations.

But nothing which happens to him in the series is as odd as the mystical, real-life experience he had earlier this year.

Glaswegian Hunter, born and brought



**UNUSUAL TRAVEL**

*He had been there before*

up in the Gorbals, one of the toughest spots in the British Isles, said he's not given to romantic fantasies.

"Yet all my life I've had an obsession — to go to Palestine.

"Last February, after I'd been working very hard playing Long John Silver in a West End production of 'Treasure Island', I suddenly knew that I had to go to Israel.

"First, I went to Eilat on the shores of the Red Sea where King Solomon met the Queen of Sheba. Then I travelled to the Sea of Galilee.

"It was the strangest feeling of my life. I knew without doubt that I had been there before. Nothing was unfamiliar to me. It was like coming home, even though I don't have any Jewish ancestry.

"Perhaps I'd been searching for religion without knowing it. But I'm no more religious now than I ever was.

"It may sound crazy, but I do know now where I belong."

"I live in London but my home is on the shores of the Sea of Galilee and I shall settle there some day. I'm really sure of that.

"I shall buy a house there and breed Siamese cats. Why Siamese? Why not? They're the most beautiful creatures in the world.

"It all makes beautiful sense to me."

9.0

## Callan

STARRING

EDWARD WOODWARD

The Death of Robert E. Lee

BY JAMES MITCHELL

ALSO STARRING

RONALD RADD

ANTHONY VALENTINE

With Russell Hunter

Francis

Ronald Radd

Mary

Anthony Valentine

George Dole

George Roubicek

Francis

Francine Tu

Hunter

Keith James

Callan

Edward Woodward

Jack Lambert

Thick Wilson

Secretary

Lyn Langdon

James

Russell Hunter

Hunter

Brian Harrison

Chinese gentleman

Ravi Tang

Robert E. Lee

Earl Kwock

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MARSHALL

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

TECHNICAL EDITOR

KEYSTONE PRODUCTION

PRODUCED BY

DIRECTED BY ROBERT FRONSON

Lee's going to come back for Callan. And between him and Hunter one way or another Callan's going to end up dead.

ABC Television Network Production



**FRANCISCA TU**

*Chinese translation is embarrassing*

**W**HEN lovely Francisca Tu was filming on location in Hong Kong recently, the German camera crew were relying on her for help with the language

"But my family left Shanghai when I was only a few weeks old and I can't speak a word of Chinese" she confessed sheepishly

Francisca went to school in Germany and, after ballet and dramatic training there, came to England four years ago

"I feel very much at home here" she said, "and I've been very lucky in finding lots of work". She is appearing in *Callan* this week and is making films with both Jerry Lewis and Sammy Davis.

"Naturally, I'm usually cast as a Chinese girl so I'm trying to learn the language from records, just in case I ever have to speak it on screen"

One thing she does know in Chinese is the translation of her name. "Francisca is my Christian name, but my Chinese one chosen by my parents, is Shiu-yung. It means 'beautiful, for ever' which is why I don't use it. It's too embarrassing explaining what it means."



BOND, FEELY, ACTRESS CAROLINE BLAKISTON, DIRECTOR TOBY ROBERTSON  
Script conference for "Unscheduled Stop," owner Bond's first venture in playwrighting

**T**HE appetite of British television for drama is voracious and incessant.

Approximately 1,000 series and dramas, nearly 100 plays a year are devised by the medium.

Some are dramaticizations of novels or adaptations of stage plays, but most of them are original works. Perhaps about one in six will introduce a new writer to television—but less than one in 200 will be that writer's first submission script.

The script department of any ITV production company can expect 2,000 unsolicited manuscripts a year from would-be playwrights.

Margaret Walker, head of Rediffusion's script department, said: "Only a percentage of them ever reach the screen."

#### Helpful advice

Said Terence Lee, one of the story editors at *Ant Ant*: "I have known one submit a play which he himself rewrites from writing for his own company. He wrote *Lovers in a Greasy Suit* for ATV's *Love Story* recently."

The best hope for a writer of an unknown author is evidence of a talent that can be on a par with the medium.

The play he submits may be hopeless as a production proposition, but if the talent is there, he will be asked for an exploratory deal, with him away to try again on the basis of our advice, and perhaps he'll eventually repay the efforts we devote to him.

Lewis Greffer, playwright, consultant and script editor of ATV, will spend as long as four months in helping a promising new writer to turn out an

# SO YOU THINK YOU COULD WRITE A BETTER PLAY FOR TELEVISION?

acceptable script. He has two young girl writers, Jane Gaskell, and Caroline Seebohm, whose first television plays, written under his guidance, will be seen in the current *Love Story* series.

Feely could recall one recent *Ant* script play that was actually received in the post from a new writer and, with comparatively little additional work, got produced. That

was "Daughter of the House," screened last year starring Robert Stephens and Arie Bas. Its author Guy Clarke, is now at work on another.

Clarke is a newspaper reporter on the *Guardian*. Of the very few playwrights who score first-time acceptance, nearly all have already been success-fully engaged in other forms of writing. Fay Weldon, whose

play "A Catching Cornelia" brought an immediate acceptance from Granada TV, is an advertisement for my wife, who denies the slanders that her eyes.

Said Fay: "It was two years after the acceptance before it was produced, and by then they'd taken another."

Both were included in last year's *Plays of Married Life*. Fay has since written for other companies, and has a *Half Hour Story*, "The 45th (in married Mother)" and a *Love Story*, "What About Me?" coming up soon.

Her spouse's subject has been marriage, but she said: "I don't base them on my own marriage or on actual marriages. I know I marry off particular people and types in imagination, and then try to work out, in dramatic terms, what will happen."

#### Limited freedom

Unlike most playwrights she wouldn't want to devote herself to me to be job. She feels it would limit her freedom as a writer and force her to write "to order."

In fact, there are no playwrights who make a full living from single-shot plays alone. The money is good, but not good enough.

Payment for a one-hour play can vary between £150 and £400, with the average between £200 and £300. The top men in terms of talent and reputation, can negotiate fees of £1,000 or more.

But probably not more than half a dozen writers would receive much more. They would include such men as Harold Pinter and Alan Owen.

Since few authors would be likely to write and get produced more than three plays a year,

by **KENNETH HURREN**



the work is not in itself "a loving." Newly at the full-time professional writer for series programmes as well.

Philip Levine, author of this week's *Half Hour Story* "Dead Certainty", is one of the most prolific writers and ideas men in television, though he hates the word "prolific".

"It makes me sound like a machine," he said, "and it's not nearly as easy as that."

"I start writing every morning seven days a week, at 6.45 a.m., totting straight out of bed into my study chair, pausing only to brew some coffee."

Levine, a former actor in his late thirties, was in the long running stage farce, "Robinson Crusoe".

## Wide audience

He did his first writing for radio, went on to television films, documentaries, plays and series. He has been one of the principal writers on *The Avengers* and *Sandbaggers*.

"I've never written anything I haven't sold," he said, "but I never set out to write commercially."

"It's my firm belief that a writer can work within conventions, entertainment formulae and still be able to say some thing important. I am not interested in a 'minority audience' if I have anything worth saying. I want to say it to as many people as possible."

Alan Prior a Lancashire lad who paid tribute to his native Blackpool in an *Armchair Theatre* trilogy, went into the Civil Service after serving in the R.A.F. but got an early bite from the writing bug, threw up his job and has been writing ever since.

He is as compulsive as Levine. He said: "The idea of an audience waiting to hang on to each word makes an irresistible fascination."

He draws his ideas from life and personal experience, but never immediately. He likes to let things soak into his consciousness, and it may be years before he draws on an experience as material for his writing. "I write fast," he said, "but I think slow. Time was when I'd sit down with a blank piece of paper and wonder how I could fill it. Nowadays I mull over an idea and a story-line for weeks."

This is standard practice for the experienced playwright Lewis Greifer, drumming his talent prospects that the really important work is done before the writing begins.

"The biggest fault in a new writer," he averred, "is that his interest in his characters is too



JANE GASKELL, LEWIS GREIFER  
First play written under his guidance

superficial—he only knows them in relation to the events in his story. But he should know them well enough to know how they would react in any situation."

## Part-timers

Greifer is always ready to practise what he preaches. He may mull over an idea for a year or more, lying awake at nights working out characterisation and construction.

He has always been concerned with writing. First in journalism, then radio comedy serials, documentaries and plays. He contributes at least one script of his own to each *Love Story* series and wrote this week's "A Merry Chinese Christmas".

Men like Greifer, Levine and Prior are the reusable hard core writers. But television needs the part-timers, too.

Some of them, like Fay Weldon, are content with that status. So is George Row, the accountant who works in that capacity for ATV but also collaborates with actor Campbell Singer on *Big Business* plays in this week's "Difference of Opinion".

Many actors happily combine acting and writing. Don and Churchill, Douglas Livingstone, Leslie Sands and actress Gwan Cherrie are among those who appear regularly on our screens in both capacities.

The latest of their number is Derek Boyd, whose first television play, "Unscheduled Stop", will be seen in *Armchair Theatre* soon.

Most agree that even if actors don't write all the best plays, they write those other actors prefer to appear in.

Paul Lee, who gave up acting

more than ten years ago to devote himself exclusively to writing, agreed: "An actor learns about timing and rhythm as dialogue is part of his technique and he knows what can be left unsaid."

Other part-timers look forward eagerly to the day when they can relinquish their other jobs. Typical is John Whitehead, who has just had a play accepted by Rediffusion.

He has been trying for three years, waiting a war in working as a barman under in the advertisement.

Perhaps, in time, he will emulate James Mitchell, who provides the mode "Success story of the part-timer who comes out on top."

Mitchell, a 41-year-old Tyndale schoolmaster (did I begin writing until he was 33). He wrote two novels to begin with and was asked by ABC TV to adapt the second for television.

When he admitted that he knew nothing of television writing, the reply was that they'd teach him. And, by ad vice and editing, they did. He wrote two plays for *Armchair Theatre* and several scripts for *The Avengers*.

"I was combining all this with teaching," he said, "and I did both jobs equally. But about 18 months ago, I had accepted so many writing assignments that the teaching had to go."

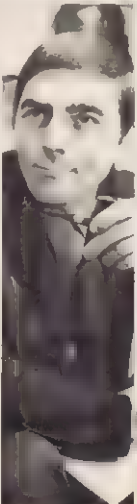
Since then Mitchell has moved into the upper bracket among writers and his last *Armchair Theatre* play, "A Magnum for Schneider" turned out to be the launching pad for the new series *Callan*.

Mitchell's advice on when a part-timer should make his big plunge into full-time writing?

"When you have enough confidence you already will not talk away. And even then take the advice of an agent and a script editor first."

## JAMES MITCHELL

Teaching went in favour of writing



FRANK THOMAS  
Every story has been accepted



9.0

## **CALLAN**

starring

**EDWARD WOODWARD**

in

### **The Death of Robert E. Lee**

by James Mitchell

also starring

**RONALD RADD**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

with

**Russell Hunter**

*Cast in order of appearance*

Hunter

**RONALD RADD**

Meier

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

Curtis Dale

**GLOBE ROBERTS**

Jenny

**FRANCIS TUI**

Walter

**KATH JAMES**

Callan

**EDWARD WOODWARD**

Joe Limborg

**THICK WILSON**

Secretary

**LISA LANDON**

Lonely

**RUSSELL HUNTER**

Watcher

**BRIAN HARRISON**

Chinese Gentleman

**BASIL LAM**

Robert F. Lee

**BERT KWOK**

*Designed by* **DAVID MARSHALL**

*Associate producer* **TERENCE FEELEY**

*Executive producer* **LLOYD SHIRLEY**

*Directed by* **ROBERT TRONSON**

Lee's going to come looking for Callan. And between him and Hunter, one way or another, Callan's going to end up dead"

*ABC Weekend Network Production*

*See People: page 3*



9.0

# Callan

See  
page  
14

STARRING

EDWARD WOODWARD

IN

**Goodness Buries Too Bright**

BY JAMES MITCHELL

ALSO STARRING

RONALD RADD

JEREMY LLOYD

WITH

Rowell Hunter

GUEST STARS

GLADYS COOPER

AND

ROBERT LANG

CAN YOU GUESS THE APPEARANCE

*Character*

Ronald Radd

*Author*

Jeremy Lloyd

*Reader*

Robert Lang

*Teacher*

Rowell Hunter

*Callan*

Edward Woodward

*Paul*

Rosemary Frankau

*Frank*

Les White

*Mr. Nelson*

Gladys Cooper

CHOREOGRAPHED BY PETER LE PAGE

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

TERENCE FEELY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

EDWARD NUTLEY

DIRECTED BY BILL HAIN

No Love They have taught me how  
to want only to kill

AH-Woodward Network Production

## Gallant Collan casts a line...

Not a woman in sight in the four squares in Canton peddle their own wares in bargain prices. But don't get them wrong. The four men in the back are in the sex. Anthony Valentine of Rome, Rond and Russell Hunter on in the home Edward Woodward



Edward Woodward who plays  
he ate role in the series  
Lionel on Saturday told at a  
party recently. "Women can  
quite a while. When I'm  
happiest, I've never known  
on the series. I've never  
he equals I, a woman.  
And again, TV shows a man  
was a great challenge to him,  
and here I have to look  
myself out of trouble.

by ANN MORROW

**L**IKT most women I'd had a rather soft spot for Mr. Allen because, I thought, he was rather dandy with a clean neck and combed hair. But you can go off people quite rapidly.

Woodward met me with a downy pelt and a hat called *sakhi* on the side.

In a second interview, pointed  
 withing or nika, he said n he  
 n of some (name) (place)  
 a (name) (place) On nika  
 with a put me wrong I am not  
 all (name) (place) in he (name)  
 (name)

I was only saying that the  
P.M. regulars can be called out  
to meet because if this is  
the man wanted to live over  
known. We are all good church  
Why we even give each other  
blessings.

"But I there were a lovely lady singing against a in the series with on a day and ten with would set in. The news being who they are we would off was play a romantic scene with her.

It was a charming and gallant argument. Anyway he said, I can never get the girl because she's a nurse. Women I wish he had unfortunate experiences since when a lady double crossed him and another when his girl friend got killed.

When the festival set going together I came to find the

# A-WAY WITH WOMEN!

a lot of "boys right in" almost  
everywhere over loud laughter  
and boisterous jokes about the  
city."

Instead there was an air of camaraderie. They punched each other's cigarettes and were generous with applause for Woodward without a hint of jealousy.

It would never make his  
happening on a set with four  
women except all when one of  
them had, he starting role

Knowing that there of the  
regards on a future a structural  
I asked Ambrosy to explain the  
only business in the set. I he  
entirely with a dozen of Woodward

Vietnam who plays Merri  
amant to Colonel Hupier  
said "We are great friends in

this set and this is because we are not competing for the same markets. It has been peace, per feet peace.

Although here in the winter appearing regularly we do have poet artists and they are a lovely

Ronald Macd who plays  
a young Hunter & Allan's love  
and the atmosphere here is  
excellent.

Raised when I was five from Stanley Holloway's "My Lady Lady" on the way to school, his eyes in heaven as the mere thought of some of the troubles caused by leading ladies I have known.

Ninero Hunter who plays  
tightly a crank, said "We are  
such friends on this set. Why

we even have to eat together and  
that something new. You  
have to know it's a good thing  
that you're all together and  
even working together.

We walked into a 17-acre marsh in western Vermont. He told me it was rated by game warden as a better one from all over the state.

It is true it often went in the garden of his home as he Thomas took a two-week holiday in Middlesex, teaching his son (4 yrs.) to fish; he was to be a crack shot.

"We just have to stand with a 22 rifle," he said. "It's only an air rifle, nothing dangerous. We set up wooden posts as our target area. I'm not a pretty person," DOW.

Wentwardt says of the Thames dates from the time when he was a sea lion and spent many hours in feeding his flock.

He has a shaggy, russet-colored Sarah Lurpet, after the name of his dear children, Lammie, Peter E. and Sarah. Four tiny great key dogs—a little cubbie, dandy which cost \$15.

Whenever possible he employs himself to work at he studies at Iddington. When the tide is with me that is. Then when I am going home and the tide is against me I use the outboard motor.

Before I left the common chamber mess, and their glasses and drank a toast to "The ladies God bless them!"



# Callan

See  
page  
5

STARRING

**EDWARD WOODWARD**

IN

**But He's a Lord, Mr. Callan**

BY JAMES MITCHELL

ALSO STARRING

**RONALD RADD**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

WITH

**Russell Hunter**

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

*Hunter*

**Ronald Radd**

*Metc*

**Anthony Valentine**

*Lord Lendale*

**Donald Hewlett**

*Caroline Fielding*

**Ann Bell**

*Cousins*

**Dene Cooper**

*Callan*

**Edward Woodward**

*Miler*

**Gerald Flood**

*Lonely*

**Russell Hunter**

*Parlour maid*

**Martha Gibson**

*Police Sergeant*

**Kenneth Campbell**

DESIGNED BY DORRILL LASS

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

**TERENCE FEELY**

EXECUTIVE PRODUCED

**LLOYD SHIRLEY**

MANAGED BY

**GUY VERNEY**

"This your gun? Beautiful. You could  
get yourself a Lord with a gun like  
this."

*ABC Television Network Production*

## 9.0 **CALLAN**

**MATTING**

**EDWARD WOODWARD**

in

**'But He's a Lord, Mr. Callan'**

by James Mitchell

Also starring

**RONALD RADD**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

with

**Small Stars**

*Cast in order of appearance*

Hunter **RONALD RADD**

Mores **ANTHONY VALENTINE**

Lord Lendale **DONALD HEWLETT**

Caroline Fielding **ANN BELL**

Croupier **DENE COOPER**

Callan **EDWARD WOODWARD**

Miller **GERALD FLOOD**

Loddy **RUSSELL HUNTER**

Parlour Maid **MARTHA GIBSON**

Police Sergeant **KENNETH CAMPBELL**

*Designed by DARRYL LARS*

*Associate producer: TERENCE FEELY*

*Executive producer: FLOYD SHIRLEY*

*Directed by GUY VERNEY*

"This your gun? Beautiful. You could get yourself a Lord with a gun like this . . ."

*ABC Weekend Network Production*

*See Series and Serials: pages 18-19 and*

*People: page 3*



**CALLAN: 9.0**

*Ann Bell and Anthony Valentine*

# CARD GAME MAKES A JOKER OUT OF FLOOD

**W**HEN 38-year-old Gerald Flood took the part of Captain Miller in this week's *Colton* (Saturday, 9:0), he was in for something of a shock.

Captain Miller is a sleazy, professional card sharper. That meant Flood had to carry a sharper's bag of tricks with non-chalant ease.

Playing card games has never been Flood's strong point. "I'm ham-fisted with cards, soon get bored, forget how to play a game in ten minutes flat and my luck never lasts long," he said.

"The funniest part was me trying to quickly transfer a pack of cards from my hands to the top of my socks."

"For someone with five thumbs on each hand, that's quite a feat. But I just kept on practicing until I could finally cope without spraying cards everywhere."

Between rehearsals, Flood and *Colton* star Edward Woodward would get into a huddle with Ronald Radd and Russell Hunter for a game.

"I had tremendous beginner's luck. The first day I won 30 shillings. After that, I always lost."



FLOOD, ANN BELL, DONALD HEWLETT  
Crooked eggs are worse than sprayed cards

"It was like the time I learned to play roulette in a casino in Marrakech when I was filming in the *Criminals* series. At my first session I was £15 up. By the end of the week I was £50 in the red."

In his present starring role in the West End comedy, "There's a Girl in My Soup," Flood nightly curses those far from nimble fingers.

As a Romeo-gourmet, he has to display the expertise of a culinary wizard when

breaking eggs into a bowl with one hand.

Said Flood: "I've already had egg-yolk all over the stage. And that's much worse than a pack of cards. I can tell you!



9.0

# Callan

STARRING

EDWARD WOODWARD

IN

## You Should Have Got Here Sooner

BY JAMES M. LUKES

ALSO STARRING

RONALD RADD

ANTHONY VALENTINE

WITH

Russell Hunter

CAST

*Loder* ..

Derek Newark

*Lonely* ..

Russell Hunter

*Callan* ..

Edward Woodward

*Meyer* ..

Anthony Valentine

*Pollock* ..

Jon Laurimore

*Flat porter* .....

Bernard Stone

*Hunter* ..

Ronald Radd

*Secretary* ..

Lia Langdon

*Sue Lyall* ..

Pinkie Johnson

*Mrs. Lyall* ..

Anne Blake

*Police Sergeant* ..

Philip Ryan

Stanley Stewart

EDWARD W. ARREST - CALLAN

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

TERENCE KELLY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

EDWARD SHIRLEY

DIRECTED BY PIERRE HACHEARD

It's no use Mr. Callan. I can't tell  
you anything. It was all a dream.  
You should have got here sooner.

ABC Television

Network Production

# Returning

MONDAY Survival. Armchair Theatre.

TUESDAY The Power Game

WEDNESDAY Collar



# 9.1 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

MICHAEL GOODLIFFE

ANTHONY VALENTINE

RUSSELL HUNTER is

## Red Knight, White Knight

BY JAMES MITCHELL

"... in this game most of us are pawns. You and I, who have learned a little more, we are the Knights."

Callan (Edward Woodward) is a thoroughly dedicated counter-espionage agent. His background is relatively unimportant — there are no wild parties, no string of beautiful women awaiting his every whim, he does not dabble in Bond-type gimmicks or, fixing the barman with a steely gaze, order his drink

"shaken, not stirred." Callan's maxim is "avoid the sensational life, be careful, and then, if you are given the rubber hose treatment, there are no leads." But Callan is still tough, with a will of his own. As Head of Department Hunter (Michael Goodliffe) or fellow agent Meres, played by Anthony Valentine who verily Neither would Lonely (Russell Hunter) the small time crook who does Callan's leg work cross his muster. Summing up the theme of this exciting spy series producer Reginald Collin says: "The Secret Service is a real organisation and we hope to show it realistically as a job of work much like any other. The only difference is—you might be killed at any moment!"

Hunter's secretary	Lia Langdon
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Hunter	Michael Goodliffe
Callan	Edward Woodward
Truman	Douglas Fielding
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Control officer	Jon Croft
Burns	Duncan Lamont
Conradson	George Ghent
Hanson	John Savident

DESIGNER NEVILLE GREEN DIRECTOR PETER  
MILLID ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN  
KIDSHAW PRODUCED REGINALD COLLIN  
Thames Television Production

# Are our spies really licensed to kill?

by  
**JAMES MITCHELL**



John Lawrence  
W. German spy, kidnapped  
(presumably killed) 1960



John Massey  
spy, Communist  
Carol, released north  
in 1956 and  
disappeared in 1960



Stephen Bander  
spy, Communist  
disappeared, killed by  
KGB agents  
probably in 1960



Anthony surrounded  
the death of John  
Gardner in 1967

this screen anti-hero (played by Robert Woodward)? Callan's creator lifts some of the evidence

**D**OES Britain have a Callan, expert and deadly with a gun? Do we have a secret espionage headquarter? And a Red File system?

One way to find out would be to write to the head of MI6, suppose. He's an urban and very civilized man with an office in Queen Anne's Gate, London. But I don't suppose he'd tell you. Another way would be to ring BAY 6117 the Soviet Embassy. They would probably tell you too much.

You see the whole point of a secret service is that it is not too secret. And when statements are made by spies or their spokesmen it is so misled.

The KGB's Russian spy service has a whole department devoted to "disinformation".

So how can you possibly find out? You could, of course, try the writers, particularly those with experience as spies. Somerset Maugham's books, for instance. He spent his life in Berlin during World War I and wrote a series of stories about it. He appears in them

all, under the pseudonym of Ashenden. What can Ashenden tell you? First, that espionage, like every service, is mostly boring. All spies say that. Secondly, that when action does happen, there is altogether too much of it.

In the story called *The Harker*, Maugham for instance, Ashenden was a paymaster and controller for a man called Carmota, whose business it is to murder a Greek. And Carmota does murder a Greek. He is rich and cleverly only it is the wrong Greek.

Or you could try the works of Ian Fleming. He too had experience of his intelligence service, during World War II. Most of his books will tell you a great deal about SMERSH, that is KGB's Section IV, which handles negotiations and terrorism, known in Russian spy slang as "wet affairs".

SMERSH has been in business out the Russia since 1924, and is very, very efficient, probably the most successful murder organization in history. Compared with SMERSH, the Mafia and Murder Incorporated had clumsy hangers. SMERSH's list of victims is both long and distinguished. It includes Leon Trotsky, Stalin's greatest rival and victim, a man so well defended that even

SMERSH failed the first time when they used a wrist-gun. The second time they succeeded. I really don't wish to see that gun embedded in his brain.

It's said that John Massey, too, was a SMERSH victim. Massey's a determined anti-Communist was an idol of the Czech people and a source of great embarrassment to Prime Minister Churchill, when he set up the first Czech Communist government in 1945. The embarrassment was removed.

An official statement said that Massey committed suicide by jumping out of a window. But the doctor who examined him found that he had no injuries. Massey had been seen in the back of the neck. Three months later the doctor, who was dead of an overdose of a lethal drug taken "by mistake".

To combat an organization like SMERSH a particular kind of man is needed: the double U man, the man to kill a man. He'd have to be well trained, of course, in unarmed combat, knife and revolver technique. But there are places, even in England, that can supply courses in such things. The English trainer spy George Blake took an air command course, and was very good at it. But then Blake was good at

every kind of espionage, including betrayal. Because of Blake it is claimed many British agents died violent death.

The licensed to kill man would have to learn to fire a revolver accurately, and if he had an aptitude that wouldn't take long.

Our man would have to be a fighter too, and a courageous one. He would need two sharp things (swords, fists and friendship). To the spy, the latter two are no more than weapons to be used—much as they. He would need 100 per cent, sure of Callan.

However back to the question: Do we really have better spies? Does a really exist? Or James Bond? Fleming himself wrote "James Bond is just piece of nonsense I dreamed up." But then Fleming added "He's not Sidney Reilly, you know."

And with Sidney Reilly perhaps we do come to the answer. Only in the world of espionage would a man call Sidney Reilly be a naturalized Briton with a Russian passport for a week and a German passport for a half. Moreover he was half Jewish, a scholar, educated, and a practicing Buddhist.

Only the mad world of espionage could cope with a Sidney Reilly. He must be too improbable for fiction. Grr! He was great, Reilly brought a whole new approach to the concept of the German High Command in 1918, securing the Persian oil wells for Britain in the teeth of French opposition, creating the plans of Kappeler's greatest army victory. He also conducted a one-man war against the Bolsheviks from 1918 onwards, a war with a bit of luck, he might have changed Russian history. But Russia again lost him in 1925.

The point is this: Reilly was a little too good, not for luck, but for a little more killing was the most efficient way for a man of a few hundred men.

Reilly lived. It is true that he was never killed, and maybe not up to have changed them. Do maybe not SMERSH certainly have?

## Stories that beat the security screen

spies time to time the drama and intrigue of real-life espionage episodes on the front pages of the world's newspapers. Here are some recent news stories which pulled back the security screen.

① Robert Hudson, 42, who died in London in 1961, was an East German agent wanted for trial at the United States. He managed to take an overdose of drugs on the way from Boston prison to London Airport. He was being deported.

② Russian spy service KGB agent Stephen Bander, who defected to the West in 1961, confessed to murdering an American nationalist in Munich by a single bullet. Bander's wife was sentenced to eight years, and in West Germany, said to have been in a few months.

③ West Germany's security agents are still investigating the supposed murder last autumn of an American Government official in Bonn of a woman had knowledge reliable to the East. The German who took photographs of what documents really manage in these hours in the East?

④ Many more stories could be happening in an obscure corner. Somewhere in a spectacular hit, the investigation of the Russian and American in Berlin agents in stand still for centuries against the jet.

⑤ An other time espionage is supposed to be a Nobel and buried in the Great Russian Disappearance Ministry of 196. It emerges that no less than 25 Germans in Europe had suddenly returned

home. Within a month, 40 of them were on trial in Soviet courts of working for the North Korean Embassy in East Berlin. The following autumn five Koreans died in mysterious circumstances in Europe and died after serving a "vicious" sentence.

⑥ Mystery surrounded the death of a Chinese spy in 1961. The Harker in London, the man, Huo Yung, believed to be a "Western" agent, was knocked down by a car, as he ran from the Chinese Legation. Three spy women called an ambulance but the ambulance was being withheld until the driver, a car with CD (Chinese Diplomat) was removed from the scene. The driver was a woman. Next day the Chinese Legation said the police that the man had died during the night.

# 10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD  
MICHAEL GOODLIFFE  
ANTHONY VALENTINE  
RUSSELL HUNTER in

## The Most Promising Girl of her Year

BY JAMES MITCHELL

Love among scholars is always suspect — especially when the girl is English and the boy a German.

Edward Woodward who plays reluctant secret servant agent Callan has a hobby which fits the image he projects on the screen. Thirty-eight year old Woodward collects guns and has a fascinating collection from all over the world.

With young son Timothy, who promises to be an expert shot, Edward practices on the grounds of his house which being the target of off-duty Callan's aim.

Jane Alcher

Dr Bradford

Hester

Mavis

Smile

Callan

Louise

Sarah Pearson

Hera

Karl Donner

Elizabeth Bell

Raymond Young

Michael Goodliffe

Anthony Valentine

Clifford Ruse

Edward Woodward

Russell Hunter

John Lusk

Peter Wyche

David Hargreaves

BRANCH MICK HALL DIRECTOR PETER  
BOOTH ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN  
KENNETH PRODUCER DONALD COLLEN

Thames Television Production

# 10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

MICHAEL GOODLIFE

ANTHONY VALENTINE

RUSSELL HUNTER is

## You're Under Starter's Orders

BY ROBERT BARKLEY STEWART

"If you want to get a head, get a pipeline"

Has the strain proved too much for Sector Service man Callan? It would appear so when it is discovered that he has taken flight from Head Office and is planning to escape from the country

*Callan*

*Pile clerk*

*Hunter*

*Mere*

*Secretary*

*Lonely*

*Model*

*Mania*

*Hannah*

*Wren*

*Racing shop clerk*

*Nixon*

*Receptionist*

Edward Woodward

Michael Hall

Michael Goodlife

Anthony Valentine

Paul Langdon

Russell Hunter

Harold Innocent

Warren Stothorp

Kathleen Byron

Mark Kingston

Frank Sear

Morris Perry

Jane Walker

DENISE WILSON TYRREY LONDON DIRECTOR

MIKE VARDY ALMA ATE PRODUCTIONS

JOHN KENDALL PRODUCED

REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production



Not a bath in sight—but Lisa plucks up her courage and stings out for the professional ear of voice coach Harold Miller. His verdict? "She can sing in tune—which is more than some actors and actresses who come to me"

A piano, a mirror . . . and Miller plays for a duet from Dorothy Tutin and Anna Neagle (right). Laurence Harvey and Honor Blackman are two of the other stars who have come to him to be tutored for stage musicals



**W**HEN it comes to taking a bath the British prefer to leave the eccentricities to foreigners. The Romans might well have smeared themselves with grease. The Japanese can continue to bathe family style. Good luck to the Russians as they roll about in the snow and the Finns, who actually belt each other with birch twigs.

In 20 million British households, bathing is primarily to cleanse the body. But we do sing as we scrub. A Briton's home may be his castle, but his bathroom is Covent Garden and the Palladium rolled into one.

Take a look at actress Lisa Langdon on the opposite page, for example. Admittedly the bathroom scene is somewhat unconventional, but then she is celebrating something special—the "official" discovery of her singing voice.

Lisa Langdon was born in Sweden, but has lived here for 11 years, long enough to be considered one of us. Until now, Lisa, who plays secretary Liz March in the *Callan* series, has restricted most of her singing, in staid Brit sh

fashion, to a conventional bathroom. But, just as every mouse longs to roar, Lisa, the bathroom *Madam Butterfly*, has nursed a secret desire to know if she really has the voice to tackle a singing role. She wanted to know if she could join the growing band of straight actors and actresses who are branching out into musicals.

Summoning her reserves of courage, Lisa visited Harold Miller, one of the best voice coaches in London and internationally-known in show business. From a room with only a piano, a telephone and a large wall mirror in Weekes Studios, in London's Hanover Street, Miller has coached enough stars in 30 years to fill an entertainment *Who's Who*.

After Shirley Bassey had a tonsils operation she went to Miller for exercises. Stars like Millie Martin, Anita Harris, Annie Ross and Georgia Brown go to him for "refresher" courses. He trained opera singers Hugh Bessford and George Fourné.

Non-vocalists—at least, not in the accepted sense—Anna Neagle, Laurence Harvey, and quite recently, Honor Blackman have been tutored by Miller for stage musical roles.

It is sometimes surprising for people to learn they have reasonable singing voices," he says.

When Lisa went to see Harold Miller, she was very dubious about her singing ability.

But after 30 minutes, Miller was able to report: "Lisa has a small but perfectly passable soprano voice. She can sing in tune—which more than some actors and actresses can who come to me for advice—has a range of easily two octaves. If she cared to exercise daily an hour for about six months, she could hold down a musical role, provided it was not too ambitious.

It was enough to make any girl want to burst into song. Which—exactly what Lisa did—in the bath of course. A Victorian hip bath, up to her neck in bubbles, and with appropriate accompaniment.

But, *sssh*, keep it quiet. Don't tell the Romans or Finns that Lisa has a bath singing *Show Me the Way to Go Home*, while a Gypsy Band played on, and even joined in the choruses.

We British don't want to tarnish our bathroom image.

—GEOFFREY LEITCH

# 10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD  
MICHAEL GOODLIPPE  
ANTHONY VALENTINE  
RUSSELL HUNTER in

## The Little Bits and Pieces of Love

BY JAMES MITCHELL

"The worst days of your life may be yours behind—but sooner or later you'll live them again."

Fishing in dangerous waters, Callan attempts to persuade a wife to act as bait for her ex-husband, a disgraced scientist now working in East Germany. The Government wants him to take a holiday in Britain where he can be of use to them. See page 14.

Callan	Edward Woodward
Lovely	Russell Hunter
Hunter	Michael Goodliffe
Muriel	Anthony Valentine
Secretary	Lee Lagon
Mrs Rule	Pauline Jameson
Agnes Gregory	Fabrizio Drake
Muriel's Assistant	David Rose
Walter	Vivian Sherrard
Dick	Vladik Shrybel
Dr Rule	Laurence Hardy
First K.G.B. man	David Garfield
Second K.G.B. man	Joseph O'Connell
Bravado	Andy Devine

SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL

DESIGNER STAN WOODWARD

DIRECTOR PETER SADDY PRODUCTION

RONALD COLLIN

Thomas Television Productions





1030 2010 Cancelist Hillary Dwyer is a candidate for murder...

# 10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WHITWANE  
MISS HALL (KIDNAP)  
ANTHONY VALENTINE  
MURRAY HUNTER &

## Let's Kill Everybody

BY RAY BRITH

However you play the cards someone  
must take a card & be you  
Are interested & very interested in  
elaborate systematically the intricacies of  
a law department. Author of they  
have no one in their hands. Law and  
how to use agents must use the law. If  
they are to survive the deadly game they  
are forced to play  
When the case is settled-up and the  
sum-up have achieved but a few of  
abundance declared

Star	Anthony Valentine
Deputy	Peter Welch
Chief	Henry B. Hester
Plumber	Michael J. Hester
Secretary	Lawrence Hester
Chief	Edward J. Hester
Judge	Henry Hester
Police	Henry Hester
Police	Henry Hester
Police	Henry Hester
Police	Henry Hester

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Published by the author.

Thomas Television Production

# 10.45 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

DEREK BOND

ANTHONY VALENTINE

**10.45 Apparent**

BY NICK D'ALLENDE

Between Callan and Hunter—blossoms  
and a stretch of wetland.

Hunter is dead, long live Hunter! Callan  
is detailed to bring the new head of his  
department to England from behind the  
Iron Curtain in East Germany

Callan

Mayer

Sir Michael Harvey

Hunter's secretary

Harvey's secretary

Janaro

Italian guard

East German guards

Hunter

Edward Woodward

Anthony Valentine

John Wentworth

Lisa Langdon

Barbara Gribben

Peter Cellier

Mario Zappalino

Martin Lyder

Franz von Norder

Derek Bond

SENIOR CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN JERRELL

DESIGNER PETER LE PAGE PRODUCER

EDMUND COLLIN DIRECTOR

PETER DOUGLAS

Thomas Television Production



Miss Callan, with Betty Maraden



... and Edward Woodward

# 10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

DEREK BOND

ANTHONY VALENTINE in

## Land of Light and Peace

BY JAMES MITCHELL

Callan sees the light but must wait  
on the peace.

In the "League of Light" a bona fide  
spiritualist organisation do the  
ecop'ism and unearthly manifestations  
cover more sinister activities.

Callan doubts in the night to  
call up the truth.

Miss Hogg

Geoffrey Gurnea

John King

Callan

Hunter

Meyer

Markham

Det Insp Charnwood

Det Sgt Linn

Hunter's secretary

Sgt Bruce Jones

Sgt Bruce's secretary

Betty Marsden

Aunt Callan

Aunt Edgar

Edward Woodward

Derek Bond

Anthony Valentine

Jim Carter

Wendy Fisher

Bruce Peltane

John Langdon

John Ballard

Patricia Lloyd

SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL

DESIGNED MILL HALL DIRECTOR PETER

HAWKARD ASSISTANT PRODUCED JOHN

KEITHAW PRODUCED REGINALD ALLEN

Thomas Television Production

# 10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

DEREK BOND

RUSSELL HUNTER in

## Blackmailers Should be Discouraged

BY JAMES MITCHELL

Sir Gerald Naylor is about to take up a senior position with the Canadian Atomic Corporation and must have an impeccable background to satisfy the authorities.

When an anonymous letter throws suspicion on Sir Gerald's past, Callan is asked to investigate.

Trafficmaster  
Sir Gerald Naylor  
Lady Naylor  
Hewart  
Callan  
High Commissioner  
Lonely  
Todd  
Richie

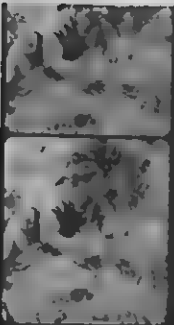
Bernard Whitcomb  
Nicholas Selby  
Karin MacCarthy  
Derek Bond  
Edward Woodward  
John Amatt  
Russell Hunter  
Barry Andrews  
John Franklyn-  
Robbins

Devon  
Bishop  
Secretary

Denis Thorne  
John Woodnutt  
Lia Langdon

SCRIPT CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL  
DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL ASSOCIATE  
PRODUCER JOHN SINGHART PRODUCER  
RICHARD COLLIN DIRECTOR JAMES  
GOODARD

Thames Television Production



## Putting Callan on a real life spot...

So there was Callan, looking over his shoulder at the two men. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid.

He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid.

He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid.

He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid.

He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid. He was a little nervous, but he was not afraid.

# 10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

DEREK BOND

ANTHONY VALENTINE

RUSSELL HUNTER in

## Death of a Friend

BY RAY JENKINS

When a French Intelligence man is killed in a mysterious car crash in England, the French authorities send an agent to investigate the "accident." Callan finds that the agent is an old friend, and together they follow a tortuous and dangerous trail to find the truth behind the death.

*Jean Capart*

*Hunter*

*Moras*

*Messner*

*Lambert*

*Callan*

*Francine*

*Flomard*

*Lonely*

*Mason*

*Laird*

*Hunter's secretary*

*Watson*

*Hospital nurse*

*Geoff Cheshire*

*Derek Bond*

*Anthony Valentine*

*John Dever*

*Barry Stanton*

*Edward Woodward*

*Ann Lynn*

*Jerome Willis*

*Russell Hunter*

*Rex Robinson*

*David Ireland*

*Lisa Langdon*

*Lawrence Trimble*

*Maryann Turner*

DESIGNER VIC SYMONDS PRODUCER

RONALD COLLIN DIRECTOR PETER DUQUID

Thomas Television Production



# TVTimes

**A Tale  
of Two  
Callans**





10.30 Callas Russell Hunter, left, Edward Woodward, Anthony Valentine and Richard Mathews in Jack-on-Top

# 10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

DEREK BOND

ANTHONY VALENTINE

RUSSELL HUNTER *in*

## Jack-on-Top

BY TREVOR PRESTON

Set a thief to catch a thief and end up in the pool

The K G B.—Russian Secret Service—network in London has been detected and the authorities are moving in for the kill

The Russians prepare to leave the country and Callan is detailed to catch the head man

*Tracker*

*Selby*

*AISI Governor*

*Hunter*

*Wilson*

*Moran*

*Callan*

*A 4 man*

*Prison officers*

*Lonely*

*Stella Paxton*

*Holbrook*

*Special Branch man*

*John Bailey*

*Anthony Blackshaw*

*Clifford Cox*

*Derek Bond*

*Conrad Phillips*

*Anthony Valentine*

*Edward Woodward*

*Dave Carter*

{ *Philip Ryan*

*Kenneth Hale*

*Russell Hunter*

*Daphne Slater*

*Richard Mathews*

*Barrie Fletcher*

DESIGNER TONY BORGES PRODUCER

REGINALD COLLIN DIRECTOR MIKE VARDY

Thames Television Productions

See pages 68-69



# A TALE OF TWO CALLANS

By Colin Malt Mackay

Edward Woodward, whose face has long been recognized by millions of the viewers. But it took the TV role of Callan, a tough, cynical intelligence agent, to make him a nationally known actor. His latest part—*Lady's Companion* as the new West End production *Two Callans*—gives him a chance to show another side of his talent. . . .



**E**DWARD WOODWARD, 38, couldn't be more of the character of Callan, a paid villain who just so happens to kill.

He doesn't even look like a killer, and he certainly doesn't believe like the stereotypical image of one. He wears a tie, and positively he is raising punch-ups in his night spots.

If the real-life Callan, Mr. Miller arrived on your doorstep, you would be quite likely to tell him you already had a set of encyclopedias, thank you or hand him half a crown for his trouble to the church organ.

Actress Sheila Hancock who starred with him in the hit play *Rule of a Simple Man*, says "Teddy Woodward always reminds me of a shabbily-dressed version of Bing Crosby. He's got that wistful face and the wrinkle in his eye."

Woodward, who is 38, lives with his wife, actress Verica Bennett, in the corner house of an L-shaped terrace in Twickenham, Middlesex, with their three children, Timothy, 16, Peter, 15, and Sarah, five.

Teddy's only "spectacular" behavior, according to Verica, is that, when filming at nearby Toddington, he revels himself to the Thames-side television studios as a first-class rubber ducky.

There's also his hobby: Woodward collects knives. On the walls of one room are daggers, razors, and swords from Somerset to Spain.

"I don't know why I collect them. I just know that, for this—my mind as I shoot films," he says.

Verica says "It's just an odd, aggressive side of his nature. He's a huge roller, and only rarely. He's a person who is fascinated by old arms so I think, like most people, at age who has missed the best of the war have been in it."

He remembers the vividly, however. "In 1940, 17-year-old Teddy was at Wood School in Wiltshire. I met a woman because probably the most person in my life—a woman, Mrs. Doris King," he says.

He was a nervous character so that "eventual" of his life.

"I used to go to his house every at three or four weeks," he says. "She was not to be afraid. She introduced me to plays, poetry, conversation and a Grace King, widow, related to Spenser—the Guinness family, from him as a nation-minded, the small boy who could command the same as the other."

"I realized he must be a



was probably while Derek Bond was trying to dig his way out of a 17th century Italian church with a bent spoon that he got his best training for playing Hunter in the later episodes of *Callan*.

Bond tells me he was taken prisoner in Florence while—wounded upon injury—he was on leave in 1944. "We had a hole dug out of the front



line, and three of us decided to look at Florence. But it turned out to be less liberated than we had been led to believe." Bond spent the next year being shifted from prison camp to prison camp behind the receding Nazi lines, and trying without success to escape.

His least successful attempt to get away, he says, was when he and a group of prisoners tried to dig out the hinges of a church in which they had been locked. "They had been sunk in the wall in the 17th century and all we had to work with was bent spoons. It didn't work."

His first *Callan* episode, he says, took him back on screen to Germany, and crouching breathless in hiding places while German voices approached from outside.



9.0 Collen. Jacqueline Pearce, Edward Woodward and Russell Hunter in *Once a Big Man, Always a Big Man*

# 9.0 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

DEREK BOND

ANTHONY VALENTINE

RUSSELL HUNTER in

## Once a Big Man, Always a Big Man

BY JISH DUNNE

A ship that sank during the war has been  
discovered off the coast of Devon

Aboard is a safe which contains a list of  
people who might have played an  
important part in the war if events had  
turned out differently

Callan is asked to retrieve the list

But what should be a simple task proves  
far from easy when he discovers he is in  
conflict with very influential people

Capt. West

C. Joy

Watt

Callan

Hunter

Watt

F. Jones

Barnham

Morris

Michael Heint

Michael Porrett

Bernard Archard

Edward Woodward

Derek Bond

Jacqueline Pearce

Russell Hunter

Mark Moss

Anthony Valentine

DESIGNER ROGER ALLAN DIRECTOR BILL  
RATH PRODUCED BY REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production





9.0 Callan Edward Woodward, Jonathan Newth, Terence Rigby, Ranny Lister

# 9.0 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

DEREK BOND

ANTHONY VALENTINE

RUSSELL HUNTER in

## The Running Dog

BY WILLIAM EMMES

A neo-fascist group has unpleasant plans for an official of the Chinese Legation.

When the man says that he would consider no sacrifice too great to make for Chairman Mao, Callan takes the law into his own hands.

*Hunter*

*Mares*

*Callan*

*Lonely*

*Felice*

*Holder*

*Henry*

*Tao Tsung*

*Forbes*

*Derek Bond*

*Anthony Valentine*

*Edward Woodward*

*Russell Hunter*

*Renny Lester*

*Tercoux Rugby*

*Jonathan Newth*

*Burt Kwouk*

*Nicholas Courtney*

DESIGNER PETER LE PAGE DIRECTOR

JAMES GODDARD PRODUCER RICHARD

COLLON

*Thames Television Production*



**9.0 Callan: Tessa Wyatt**

## 9.0 CALLAN

**EDWARD WOODWARD**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

**RUSSELL HUNTER**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

**RUSSELL HUNTER**

### The Worst Soldier I Ever Saw

**EDWARD WOODWARD**

A father, a daughter, a foreign call. And loyalty plays for the highest stakes. Callan joins the domestic staff of his ex-Brigadier—a man who is suspected of being chosen to lead a mercenary army in an emergent African nation.

*Hunter*

*Henry*

*Col. Lester*

*Callan*

*Louise*

*Sarah Pringle*

*Maria*

*Secretary*

*Brig. Pringle*

*Mrs. Carr*

*Dr. Megah*

*Gen. Klopper*

*Derck Bond*

*John Wentworth*

*Ronald Radd*

*Edward Woodward*

*Russell Hunter*

*Tessa Wyatt*

*Anthony Valentine*

*Les Langdon*

*Alan Cuthbertson*

*John McCarthy*

*Saeed Jaffrey*

*Larry Cross*

DESIGNER TERRY GOUGH DIRECTOR ROBERT THOMSON PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thomas Television Production

# 9.15 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

RONALD RADD

ANTHONY VALENTINE

RUSSELL HUNTER *in*

## Nice People Die at Home

BY ROBERT BARKS STEWART

With a pet shop as their cover, two Russian agents run a highly successful spy ring in Britain. Soon, however, they are to retire and it is known that their replacement is arriving in the country shortly.

Callan, under the orders of Hunter's temporary replacement (played by Ronald Radd) is instructed to take the place of the new agent, gain the confidence of the pet shop owners and aim for a valuable prize — the head of the Russian Intelligence Organisation in Britain.

*Marshall*

*Nadia*

*Hunter*

*Hunter's secretary*

*Callan*

*Moses*

*Ross*

*Belukov*

*Chelanko*

*Lonely*

*Doctor*

Harry Towh

Angela Morant

Ronald Radd

Lisa Langdon

Edward Woodward

Anthony Valentine

Roger Bixley

Fredrick Jaeger

Jonathan Burn

Russell Hunter

Kenneth Benda

DESIGNER PETER LE PAGE DIRECTOR PETER  
DAVID EXECUTIVE PRODUCER LLOYD  
WHEAT

Thames Television Production





10 Anthony Valentine, Russel Hunter in Callan

# 9.0 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

DEREK BOND

ANTHONY VALENTINE

RUSSELL HUNTER in

## Death of a Hunter

BY MICHAEL WINDELL

A man with a drug in his blood could believe anything—if he does, he might as well be dead.

In the last programme of the present series, a hunter dies—but which one? Is it the hard bitten Callan, the laconic Merc, the enigmatic Hunter or someone else . . . ?

Death, an ever-present possibility in the life of an agent, waits in the wings as today's story nears its bizarre conclusion.

Callan	Edward Woodward
Kenny	Ferry Scully
Susanne	Barbara

Striker	Laird Hunt
Hunter's secretary	John Flanagan
Hunter	Lisa Langdon
Lonely	Derek Bond
Merc	Russell Hunter
Haynes	Anthony Valentine
Sir John Harvey	Derek Waring
Korala	John Westworth
Andrews	Norman Wooland
	Michael Mearns

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN KERSHAW

DESIGNER NEVILLE GREEN DIRECTOR/

PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production



# Atten-shun! Hunter goes on parade... with a power drill

Hunter is a smooth-talking, sinister figure who organizes the riotous triggermen in *Collin*. But Derek Bond, who plays Hunter, takes better aim with a power drill than with a gun in real life.

SOONER OR LATER a man likes to settle down, buy a little place of his own, perhaps do a bit of gardening—and maybe even think about doing a few odd jobs about the place.

Well, that's not the way things developed for Derek Bond, screen-hunt-destroyer of the Forties, and more recently the quietly ruthless portmanteau Hunter, the boss-figure and manipulator of agent *Collins*.

The trouble with Bond is, however, that he seems to have become possessed in his new role as occupier of his own little country cottage—rather power drill-crazed.

Since he took possession a few weeks ago of one of the prettiest little houses in the charming Surrey village of Thames Ditton, his drill (an Ingersoll-Cherryman present) has almost become permanent attachment to his right hand.

"I know what I can't seem to put it thing down," he said with one of the electrician smiles that used to captivate the back row of the one-and-only. "It's in the first time I have ever been silly enough to buy my own house, and it really annoys me the things when it's like that."

"It took precisely two-and-a-half weeks to turn the place over and it isn't a reasonably habitable. We worked like slaves on it. Now I'm getting down doing all the little things."

"But I have to be careful where I'm

drilling. Some of the original wood in the cottage is in better condition than wood that was added a couple of hundred years later."

Yes, it really is that old. The basic nature is 14th century and the first believed to have been added around the 17th. The chimney is original and is classically perfect for the traditional of fire.

Ornaments are already installed and some of the walls are decorated with paintings by his 24-year-old son, Anthony. On one wall, by the front door, there is a portrait of the young Derek Bond painted by one of his former colleagues, Jasper Gillingham, when they were in a German POW camp.

Bond was a captain in the Grenadier Guards. "In line for major if I hadn't been caught," Bond said before Army awards made the mistake of believing a over-optimistic piece of news that Germany had been liberated. "It wasn't time to be liberated as we thought. We had to have a look at the recaptured area and found the place swarmed with German paratroopers. They were as upraised as we were."

Now the old Army uniform is still being put to good use. The guards officer's cap with its one-inch gold visor makes an excellent shield to prevent the Bond blue eyes from delirious of wayward paint. The service dress uniform, designed for the younger

element Bond, sits exactly where it touches on the large Bond frame—and acts as an even further protection from paint, wood and plaster.

Every so often—with a reluctance that could bring tears to the eyes of the most emotional Bond reverently lays aside his power drill, massages his crooked trigger finger back into something more resembling a human digit, and settles down behind his portable typewriter.

Doing well for the Bond coffers is that typewriter. Not many actors make the painful transition from uttering the words into writing them. But Derek Bond has.

In between calls on his acting talent and when he hasn't been using part of it to push *Collin* into action, Bond is developing into a successful writer of TV plays.

He has already bridged the gap from writing plays "on spec" to being commissioned to write them. "Only trouble is it makes a hell of a deadline and that's interfering with all the work I have to do about the place." For a moment he really was quite depressed.

Bond, now 39, is settling easily enough into the dual role of actor-writer. If it wasn't for that damned power drill he might make a fortune at it.

Ken Roche



# TVTimes

**Yorkshire**

Independence

April 4-10

## THE RETURN OF CALLAN



Star portrait  
**ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK**

Spring offer  
**CUT-OUT DRESS BARGAIN**



**Callan returns—9.15**

## **9.15 Callan** **New Series**

**EDWARD WOODWARD**

**and**

**WILLIAM SQUIRE**

**PATRICK MOWER**

**RUSSELL HUNTER in**

**Where Else Could I Go?**

**BY JAMES MITCHELL**

They say: "When you've got to go, you've got to go" but in Callan's case, having almost been there—can he come back?

If you're still in any doubt, Callan still lives. See page 44.

*Callan*  
*Nurse*  
*Cross*  
*Hunter*  
*Hunter's secretary*  
*Snell*  
*Judd*  
*Blind man*  
*Wellington*  
*Lonely's auntie*  
*Lonely*  
*Prison officer*  
*Dodds*  
*Merry*  
*Henshaw*  
*Det. Sgt. Wheeler*

Edward Woodward  
Mona Hammond  
Patrick Mower  
William Squire  
Lisa Langdon  
Clifford Rose  
Harry Towb  
Frederick Schrecker  
Dave Prowse  
Queenie Watts  
Russell Hunter  
John Baldwin  
Denis Thorne  
Alan Cullen  
Gary Watson  
Richard McNeff

**SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL :**

**STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN :**

**DESIGNER MIKE HALL : DIRECTOR JAMES**

**GODDARD : PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN**

*Thames Television Production*

# GET CALLAN...

... the anti-secret agent. The last episode of his history documented on ITV ended with his boss, Hunter (III) dead and himself nearly so. Time has passed. The first of the following extracts from his highly secret personal file requests that he be returned to duty. The last suggests that he may be. To find out, switch-on on Wednesday. Remember: the File from which these extracts are taken is designated Red. Which means Callan is still marked for death because of over-familiarity with his Section's methods. This file is compiled by JAMES MITCHELL, *Callan's* controller since he became a spy



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

WE HEREBY CERTIFY THAT



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

WE HEREBY CERTIFY THAT

From: Appointments  
Officer

To: Head of Sections

Callan was born south London 1931. (Age 38). Parents killed by V2 in 1944. Callan found their bodies on way home from school. From then lived with an aunt until he joined the Army. Aunt now deceased.

Educated Junior School, Secondary Modern and Technical College. Left school 1946. Worked as apprentice to firm of locksmiths. (Attended technical courses on day release).

Army: Could have gone into Royal Engineers. Surprised employers by choosing Infantry (Green Howards).

Highest possible ratings for initiative; unarmed combat; shooting. Very high survival factor. Promoted Corporal. Reduced to ranks for insolence to superior officer. Then transferred to Commandos. Quickly re-promoted to Corporal. Service in Malaya. His unit very successful in catching and killing Communist Chinese. Callan recommended for D.S.M. but involved in drunken brawl with Infantry Sergeants whom he beat up badly. Reduced to ranks. D.S.M. withheld. Demobbed 1952.

Resumed work at locksmiths. Suddenly and inexplicably attempted to rob jeweller's safe supplied

TOP SECRET





by his firm. Caught by accident. Old night-watchman stumbled on to him, grabbed him and yelled. Callan, who could have killed him, didn't, and was caught. Sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Wormwood Scrubs. Released after 15 months. (Here he first met the burglar known as Lonely). Hunter (I) took him into Section on basis of (a) Commando record; (b) burgling skill. Went to 'college' 1953-54. Developed skills in theft, unarmed combat and shooting. Dead shot with pistol. First operation involved him in blackmail and killing. Very high rating.

From then until 1966 Callan carried out 19 missions, including 11 killings: 15 were complete success; two failed because of inadequate briefing; two because of failure of colleagues. Callan prefers to work alone. (This may influence attitude to colleagues.) By 1960 Callan was second-in-command to Hunter (I) who rated him very highly. Very possible next Head of Section.

But in 1965 he killed a Russian spy whom he knew well and liked. From that time became too involved with the people who were his targets. Worked with the same skill, but increasing reluctance. Hunter tried hard to change him but failed.

Callan de-activated from Section 1966. Trained as book-keeper, worked for wholesale grocer who believed him to be ex-convict. Re-activated 1968. Complete success with Hunter (II) — AA rating in all operations. Complete success with Hunter (III) until brainwashed by KGB into killing him. Shortly afterwards, Callan was shot by Meres. After critical illness Callan is about to be discharged from hospital. Medically A1. No extensive psychiatric tests have yet been carried out.

Callan is a non-smoker, drinks Scotch, cautiously on a job, heavily on certain other occasions. Never drunk.

**From: Hunter (IV)**

**To: Head of Sections**

**(No copies. Delivery and return by nominated messenger only). Ref: DC/E0 17**

**Subject: Callan -  
Involvement with Women**

**MOST SECRET**

Remarkably little on file. I suspect this to be because Callan is an operative alert enough to conduct his amours when his colleagues aren't watching.

He appears to be quite adequately normal sexually. There can be no doubt of his attraction to women. There is a remarkable charm behind that brisk and witty ruthlessness. He has used it several times on Section business, with success. He is, of course, also a risk to us, so far as women are concerned. That "capacity for involvement with other people" could, I am well aware, prove extremely embarrassing to himself and to my Section, but: (a) I am confident that I shall be aware of any danger from Callan in time to deal with it; (b) he himself has controlled the risk in the past, and I see no reason why he should not continue to do so, especially as his control is motivated by the fear that the woman involved may be hurt by others — or by this Section.

**Hunter (IV)**

**From: A.T.W.G.Snell  
(Psychiatric  
Consultant to Section)**

**To: Head of Sections  
(Group)**

Callan is a very healthy man with excellent reflexes, muscular co-ordination and eyesight. Physically he is again in good condition. There is no evidence at this stage to suggest that he has not fully recovered from brainwashing by KGB. However, tests in this area are incomplete and I consider this report to be an interim one.

I would add that since he has become aware of his responsibility for the death of Hunter (III) he has lost whatever little conception he had of the word 'duty'. The flaw — if one may so express it — already in his nature, i.e. his capacity for involvement with other people (consider his relationship with the petty criminal

Lonely) has intensified and I would consider it even more likely to imperil a Section operation. For the record, Callan's I.Q. is still well above average. (Actual score withheld, as is usual in this Section). Rorschach and other tests show him to be of very stable mentality other than under conditions stated. No evidence of inversion. Trend to sadism remains, but held in balance.

At this moment in time, despite his obvious abilities, I recommend Callan's withdrawal from the Section though finally, and no matter how irrelevantly, may I say this: I still like Callan.

**A.T.W.G.Snell,  
M.B., B.Ch.  
M.R.C.P., D.P.S.**

**Extract from  
transcribed tape  
recorded by D.T. Judd -  
Armourer, Hunter's  
Section.**

**MOST SECRET**

... So like I say the guy is good. Better than good. You know. Like great ... Listen, when I was in the States I carried a gun for a mob in Youngstown, Ohio. They're tough there, believe me. The way most guys think they're tough. Know what I mean? Back there they chew walls and spit bricks — but I tell you — we never had one like Callan ... The guy never misses. There's days I think he *can't* miss. All he has to do is point — and bang! — you're dead ... Brave? ... Don't ask me, Mister. Ask the guys he's killed. From what I hear they were mostly looking at him at the time — with guns in their hands ...

**From: Head of Sections**

**To: Hunter (IV)**

**(No copies. Delivery and return by nominated messenger only).**

**-Ref: DC/E0/17**

Callan's background noted and acknowledged. Re-activation possible, *provided* Snell is completely satisfied that he has passed the further psychiatric tests that Snell himself will devise. *If* Snell is *then* satisfied, Callan may be re-instated, in view of your failure to recruit sufficient operatives to handle Red File subjects, but in that event Callan must be very carefully controlled. What do you suggest?

**Head of Sections**

**The TVTimes  
Top Ten**

**EDWARD**

**WOODWARD**

Portrait by **NEVILLE DEAR**

AGE	39
STARSIGN	Gemini
MARITAL STATUS	Married, three children: Timothy (15), Peter (13), Sarah (6)
BIRTHPLACE	Croydon, Surrey, June 1, 1930
EDUCATION	Ecclesbourne Road School, Sydenham Road School (both Croydon), Elmwood School, Wallingford, Kingston Commercial School, Royal Academy of Dramatic Art
DEBUT	<i>A Kiss for Cinderella</i> , Farnham Repertory Company (1947)
STAGE	<i>The Queen and the Welshman</i> , Edinburgh Festival (1957); <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , <i>Hamlet</i> , Stratford (1958); <i>Intimacy at 8.30</i> , Criterion Theatre (1959-60); <i>Rattle of a Simple Man</i> , Garrick Theatre and Broadway, (1962); <i>High Spirits</i> , New York (1964); <i>The High Bid</i> , Mermaid Theatre (1967); <i>Two Cities</i> , Palace Theatre and Broadway (1968-69); <i>The White Devil</i> , National Theatre (1969-70)
RADIO	Many plays
FILMS	<i>Becket</i> (1966); <i>File on the Golden Goose</i> (1968); <i>A Fine and a Private Place</i> (1970)
TELEVISION	<i>Emergency—Ward 10</i> (1957); <i>Skyport</i> (1960); <i>Sword of Honour</i> (1968); over 250 dramatic parts including <i>Au Pair Swedish Style</i> , <i>Entertaining Mr. Sloane</i> , <i>Murders in the Rue Morgue</i> , <i>Night of Talavera</i> , <i>Julius Caesar</i> , <i>The Listener</i> , <i>Callan</i> (1967-70)
RECORDS	<i>Grains of Sand</i> (1969); <i>This Man Alone</i> (1970)
ADDRESS	Twickenham
HOBBIES	Collecting swords, gem polishing, boating

Next week: **GERALD HARPER**



EDWARD WOODWARD



**Russell Hunter in Callan—9.0**

**9.0**

**Callan**

**EDWARD WOODWARD in  
Summoned to Appear**

BY TREVOR PRESTON

with

**William Squire  
Patrick Mower  
Russell Hunter**

Callan and Cross are chasing an assassin, and in the confusion Cross kills an innocent man. Callan, who is detained as a witness as Cross escapes, claims the man committed suicide — but another witness says it was murder. The department doesn't want to know . . .

*Callan*  
*Hunter*  
*Cross*  
*Lonely*  
*Palanka*  
*Mr. Karas*  
*Mrs. Karas*  
*Inspector Kyle*  
*Mr. Lorrimer*  
*Mr. Leach*  
*Mrs. Kent*  
*Mr. Arlen*  
*Mrs. Arlen*

*Girls on bus*

*Porters*

*Sergeant*  
*Constable*

*Edward Woodward*  
*William Squire*  
*Patrick Mower*  
*Russell Hunter*  
*Sylvester Morand*  
*George Pravda*  
*Hana-Maria Pravda*  
*Norman Henry*  
*Edward Caddick*  
*Edward Burnham*  
*Rhoda Lewis*  
*Henry Manning*  
*Sylvia Burrows*  
*Cheryl Hall*  
*Lesley Daine*  
*Donnegal*  
*Warren Clarke*  
*Michael Martin*  
*Charles Pemberton*

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN :  
DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL : DIRECTOR  
VOYTEK : PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

*Thames Television Production*





Hunter and Woodward — breaks from rehearsal mean breaks at the table

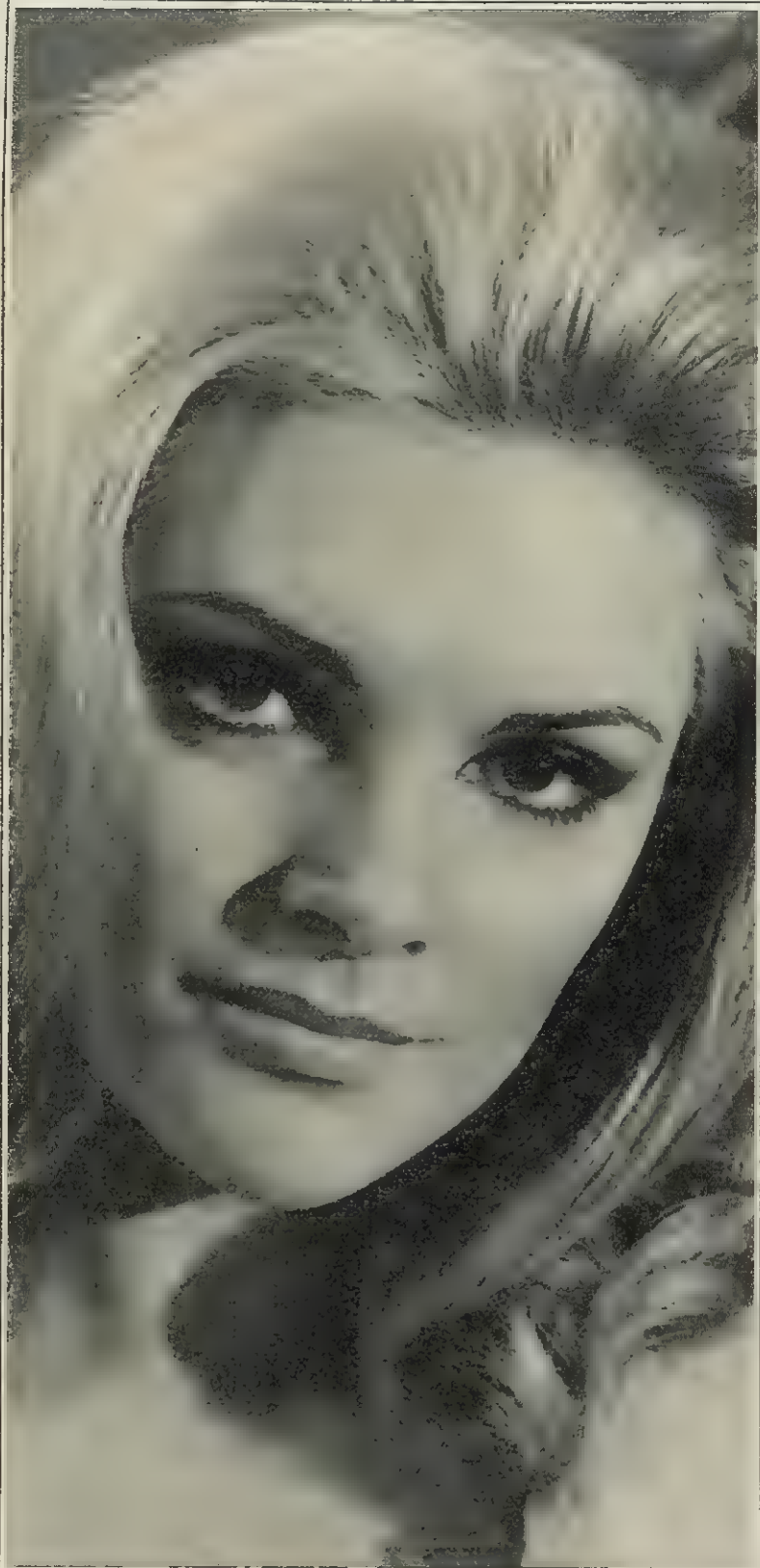
## One of the times Callan gets snookered

SUMMING himself up as a snooker player, Edward Woodward says, "I'm not so much a player, more a putter."

But he is a fan all right. When there's a break in the recording of *Callan* he and **Russell Hunter**, who plays Lonely, make for the studio's recreation room, chalk their cues, pot the reds, make all the right breaks and *look* almost professional. They are talented actors.

Woodward even plays during breaks in rehearsals. "You invariably find," he says, "that tucked away in the corner of a rehearsal room there is a snooker table, and you invariably find that's where I am." See *Putting it briefly*.





## TRISHA BRANCHES OUT INTO THE ESPIONAGE WORLD

Trisha Noble is not just one of the prettiest faces on television. Watch *Callan* this week, when Trisha plays the hostile Mrs. Price, the female lead in a frame-up. A murder thwarts Callan's attempts to expose a spy ring, and Mrs. Price is prime suspect.

This is not the kind of role usually associated with the lovely Miss Noble. On *The Engelbert Humperdinck Show* next week, she will be singing and dancing with Engelbert.

# TRISHA'S TARGET: THE BOLSHOI—*Callan at 9.0*



**Edward Woodward, Trisha Noble**

**EDWARD WOODWARD  
WILLIAM SQUIRE  
PATRICK MOWER  
RUSSELL HUNTER in  
The Same Trick Twice**

BY BILL CRAIG

The Russians agree to a swop of captured agents with the British, but things soon start to backfire on Callan. Trisha Noble, who is appearing more and more these days in dramatic roles, plays Jean Price who becomes suspected of a murder. And four days after this programme Trisha moves right in on the K.G.B. when she and her husband Alan Sharpe leave for a holiday in Russia. But the only agents involved for this trip are the travel agents who have booked their tickets

for the Bolshoi. For Trisha, who qualified as a ballet teacher is a dance fanatic, which is understandable as her mother runs a school of ballet in Australia.

Says Trisha: "Russia is one of the places I have always wanted to see. Russian culture fascinates me.

*Callan*  
*German Captain*  
*Bishop*  
*Hunter*  
*Cross*  
*Lonely*  
*Freddy*  
*Jean Price*

Edward Woodward  
Andrew Sachs  
Geoffrey Chater  
William Squire  
Patrick Mower  
Russell Hunter  
Harold Innocent  
Trisha Noble

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN:  
DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL: DIRECTOR  
PETER DUGUID: PRODUCER REGINALD  
COLLIN

*Thames Television Production*



**CALLAN  
CROSSES  
SWORDS WITH A  
LADY**

## by Dave Lanning

Switching a gun for a sword, Callan—alias Edward Woodward—faces a stage role of Cyrano de Bergerac. But next, TV's man of steel had to cross blades with the current ladies foil champion

**C**ALIFORNIA'S new state vegetable soup will be built on the old adage: "It's better to have a little of everything than a lot of one thing." The country's leading vegetable soup is being made.

1. **Identify the subject and predicate** of the sentence. The subject is the person or thing being described, and the predicate is the action or state of being.



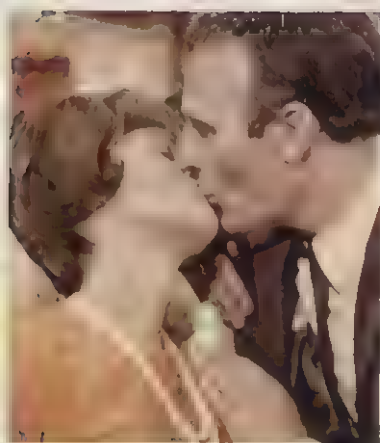
With a flash of steel  
the victor thrusts  
home. Seventeenth-  
century duellist.

Yrano de Bergerac—  
played by Edward  
Woodward—prepares  
to silence the man who  
scooped at his ugliness





alder comes out  
fencing. Emerging  
from his ballet turn  
world of spies,  
Edward Woodward  
cuts a fine figure,  
as he poses for  
his latest role as  
wordman  
extraordinary



## Moment of history—Callan's first kiss

This is Edward Woodward (left) as Callan letting his guard down. Callan kissing a woman—for the first time in the series. The woman is Lady Lewis, widow of a foreign secretary, and she is played by Zena Walker. The episode will be screened shortly.

What begins as a routine assignment becomes something personal. David Callan and Lady Lewis sip drinks, talk about model soldiers, and lust. Could it be love that will last? Doubt it. This is Callan.

## Selling with a song

Jacky Lee, a redhead from Dublin, doesn't speak on commercials. She sings them.

That's not always strictly true, because she has a cigar commercial coming out soon on which she "la la's." But most times she sings.

Before singing advertisements, she was in a group called The Raindrops, and they made a hit record entitled *White Horse*. She was then called simply Jacky.

According to Jacky there's no

difference singing about The Moon in June and mooring at catchy, commercial lines. "It's all at your Co-op now."

In fact, she has sung her selling lines so well, that it *sounds* like a song that was written to sell soap might even make the charts.

Jacky Lee, you see, is the girl who sings in that soap commercial, and viewers liked it so much they wrote *making* if there was a record of it.

There wasn't then but now there is. It is called *Everybody Needs A Little Loving*.

# 9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD

WILLIAM SQUIRE

PATRICK MOWER

RUSSELL HUNTER in

## Act of Kindness

BY MICHAEL WINDER

More than toy soldiers are involved in the war game Callan has to play. Heathcote Land shows fellow director Donovan Prescott compromising photographs taken in Moscow of Prescott and a girl.

Callan is instructed to prevent Land exposing Prescott who has been working as a courier to Iron Curtain countries for some years. Callan finds Land at the War Games Convention, a gathering of model soldier enthusiasts...

<i>Donovan Prescott</i>	Ray Smith
<i>Heathcote Land</i>	Anthony Nicholls
<i>Callan</i>	Edward Woodward
<i>Hunter</i>	William Squire
<i>Cross</i>	Patrick Mower
<i>Lonely</i>	Russell Hunter
<i>Janice Land</i>	Jacqueline Maude
<i>Shop assistant</i>	Peter Beton
<i>Master Briggs</i>	Mark Jay
<i>Mrs. Briggs</i>	Nicolette McKenzie
<i>Hunter's secretary</i>	Lisa Langdon

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN :  
DESIGNER FRED PUSEY : PRODUCER  
REGINALD COLLIN : DIRECTOR MIKE  
VARDY

*Thames Television Production*



# 9.20 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD

WILLIAM SQUIRE

PATRICK MOWER

RUSSELL HUNTER in

## Act of Kindness

BY MICHAEL WINDER

More than toy soldiers are involved in the war game Callan has to play.

*Donovan Prescott*

Ray Smith

*Heathcote Land*

Anthony Nicholls

*Callan*

Edward Woodward

*Hunter*

William Squire

*Cross*

Patrick Mower

*Lonely*

Russell Hunter

*Janice Land*

Jacqueline Maude

*Shop assistant*

Peter Beton

*Master Briggs*

Mark Jay

*Mrs. Briggs*

Nicolette McKenzie

*Hunter's secretary*

Lisa Langdon

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN:

DESIGNER FRED PUSEY: PRODUCER

REGINALD COLLIN: DIRECTOR MIKE

VARDY

*Thames Television Production*

# 9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD

WILLIAM SQUIRE

PATRICK MOWER

RUSSELL HUNTER in

## A Village Called 'G'

BY JAMES MITCHELL

Hunter's secretary, Liz, is nursing  
Callan discovers Liz had a date with  
Cross the night before she dis-  
appeared she had seemed worried and  
had talked about her childhood

For Liz the sweetness of revenge turns  
sour

Hunter

William Squire

Cross

Patrick Mower

Callan

Edward Woodward

Replacement secretary

Billie Howorth

Judd

Harry Towse

Arnold

George Innes

Archivist

Michael Hall

Liz

Joan Langdon

Herman

Marne Marland

Sabinski

Joseph Furze

Hotel clerk

Lewis W. Jones

Lambert

Russell Hunter

The groper

Graham Crowden

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARSHALL

DESIGNER STAN WOODWARD DIRECTOR

MIKE VARDY PRODUCER REGINALD

COLLIN

Thames Television Production



# CALLAN DRIVES A FAST BARGAIN

## ...but he chooses the Jag. for comfort

**E**DWARD WOODWARD drives a Mark 10 Jaguar. Not because he thinks it is a status symbol, not even because he always wanted a Jag, but simply because he likes driving it. "I have found the car I now want to drive," is the way Woodward puts it.

He admits he dithered a little before going for the Jaguar. "Although I am as un-motivated as the average person who says he is un-motivated, I must confess I had fallen for the image of the Jag driver."

"You know, the one who wears a pork-pie hat and sheepskin jacket, rumbles out and leaps into his car in the morning and drives it at full pondo up and down the motorway all day every day—and finally sells it as a fantastic loss with a clipped-out engine. You know?"

"Well, he doesn't exist."

He is right, of course. A pork-pie hat and sheepskin jacket are about as necessary in a modern Jaguar as they are in a private stute at the Dorchester. Most Jaguar drivers, like Woodward, choose a Jaguar these days simply because it is a superb piece of motor engineering, and as comfortable as a car can be.

Woodward bought his Mark 10 second-hand a couple of months ago for £550. He says "It was owned by a company director and chauffeur drives all its life." It looks like it, too—so is both gleaming and immaculate. "It's the 1963 model, with all the

bits—electrical windows, power steering, automatic transmission and every thing."

The Woodward car stable in previous years has shown a definite bias towards Vauxhalls and the little Datsun Dats. They had a Vauxhall and a Renault 10R and a Vauxhall 2000 coupe wagon—"Only a little smaller than the Jaguar inside but a lot smaller outside"—and his wife now has a Datsun.

"That's a fabulous car. I love driving it. I had to have a big car myself because I need the luggage space, to take trunks and so forth. But if the Datsun were big enough, I think I would be a Datsun driver for ever."

He gave a delighted chuckle. "There's a bit in the instruction book which says something like 'When towing a trailer over 23ft. long on mountainous country.' Anyone who can put that in the book for a toy car deserves to sell it."

Back to the Jaguar. "For sheer driving comfort, it's unbeatable. In a couple of years or so, I want to get a new one."

The merits of the larger car are obvious. In traffic, he says, it handles like a much smaller and more manoeuvrable car. The power steering, electrically operated windows and automatic transmission all help. Under the quiet and purposeful image Woodward presents to the world there lurks one suspects a secret lover of luxury.

But he is still a careful man. He plans his career with meticulous attention to detail. While Callan is appearing on screen Woodward will be playing Flaminio in *The White Dove* at the National Theatre, and starting films.

He is delighted that his recent award of film and television Actor Of The Year was for performances as P. Sever Fitzgerald and a mad American film producer, as well as the cheeky Callan. "People in the street used to say, 'Hello, Mr Callan. Now at last they say 'Hello, Mr Woodward.' It's reassuring."

Callan is also the secret of his driving. "I'm a very careful driver. I'm not interested in seeing how fast I can get from one end of the motorway to the other. On the other hand, if I'm in a hurry to get somewhere, I want to get there if you know what I mean."

"But I have this thing about my family. My family is dependent upon me, and I am constantly aware of it. This is what makes me a careful driver."

There was a moment of gloom as we stood on the fact that one can be a careful driver and still be involved in accidents by other people. "I think the high incidence of accidents really is more an incidence of things going wrong with cars. Our roads are so packed at the moment that anything can happen at any time."

And if it does, one has the im-

pression that Edward Woodward wants as much car as possible between him and the accident.

But he can't help driving his Mark 10 with the strategy of the man who as Callan—has read his own obituary and survived to add more chapters. NEXT WEEK: A beautiful girl in a Triumph Herald looks for her Gemini twin.



Mark 10 Jaguar

Year of engine: 3781 c.c.  
Fuel consumption: Up to 18mpg.  
Maximum speed: 120 mph.  
Length: 140.9 in.  
Width: 61.4 in.  
Price (in 1963): £2,455.  
Still in production as the Jaguar 420G.  
Engine: new 4200 c.c.  
Maximum speed now 122 mph.  
Fuel consumption, dimensions as Mark 10.  
1976 price for version with automatic transmission: £2,691 9s. 6d.

Features of the 1963 Mark 10 Jaguar—original price £2,455—include the 3781 c.c. engine, luxurious and roomy interior (with the added benefit of electrically operated windows), spacious boot (capacity—37 cu. ft.), power steering and well-equipped dashboard, all pictures here. Of course, there's the Jaguar emblem on the bonnet, too. Woodward's Mark 10 was a bargain at £550. As our colour picture shows, it's a credit to the care lavished on it by its previous owner's chauffeur.



The indestructible Callan would approve of Edward Woodward's choice of car. As latest member of the exclusive *TVTimes* Gemini Car Club, Woodward has found the car he wants to drive, a Jaguar Mark 10—speedy but safe; comfortable and roomy—and he's looking for a reader with the same make of car to be his motoring twin. Complete the coupon below and you could be eligible to sport the Gemini Car Club Badge on your Jaguar.

by Christopher Kenworthy



## DO YOU OWN A JAGUAR MARK 10?

[illegible]

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*D'après les résultats*

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478 J. Lee

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**Abstract**

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१. २०००-०१ वित्तवर्ष में १००० करोड़ रुपये की राशि का उपयोग किया गया।

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

# 9.0 Callan

## EDWARD WOODWARD in Amos Green Must Live

BY RAY ENKINS

with William Squire  
Patrick Mower  
Russell Hunter

The body of a young coloured American is found in the river. Callan is told the American has been raising funds for coloured causes. An Ace of Spades book of matches is found on the body and, when Amos Green, a prospective Parliamentary candidate with strong anti-immigration views, is sent an identical present, Callan is asked in to make sure Green, too, doesn't go for an unscheduled dip.

Playing the part of the politician is Callan Redgrave, probably the least publicised of the famous acting family.

Hunter	William Squire
host	Patrick Mower
Taxi driver	Frank Coda
woman	Edward Woodward
Amos Green	Callan Redgrave
asser	Nigel Knapton
May's boyfriend	Annette Cross
Lucy's	Russell Hunter
Philip Rowland	Lee Remick
shop assistant	Faye Carron
Anna	Nina Simon-Singer
hunter	Al Clark
Carla	Michael Chant
Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKS, PLS

DESIGNER PETER K PAGE EDITOR

JAMES JOHNSON PRODUCTION REGINALD  
COLLIN

Thames Television Production

See page 12

# 9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD

WILLIAM SQUIRE

PATRICK MOWER

RUSSELL HUNTER in

## Act of Kindness

BY MICHAEL WINDEN

More than 100 soldiers are involved in the war game Callan has to play. Heathcote Land shows fellow director Donovan Prescott compromising photographs taken in Moscow of Prescott and a girl.

Callan is instructed to prevent Land exposing Prescott who has been working as a courier to Iron Curtain countries for some years. Callan finds Land at the War Games Convention, a gathering of model soldier enthusiasts.

Donovan Prescott

Ray Smith

Heathcote Land

Anthony Nichols

Callan

Edward Woodward

Hunter

William Squire

Call

Patrick Mower

Lonely

Russell Hunter

Janice Land

Jacqueline Maude

Shop assistant

Peter Beton

Master Jingle

Mark Jay

Miss Briggs

Nicole McKenna

Hunter's secretary

Isabel Langdon

STORY BY JIMMY WATSON

DESIGNED BY JIMMY WATSON

PRODUCED BY JIMMY WATSON

BY JIMMY

Planned Television Production

# 9.10 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in  
**God Help Your Friends**

BY WILLIAM BAUMS

with

**WILLIAM SQUIRE  
PATRICK MOWER  
RUSSELL HUNTER**

Beth Lampton is the sort of girl every spy would love. She is a Government interpreter and daddy is a general.

She is secretly engaged to a public relations man whom Hunter suspects of being a spy but, unknown to the couple, their engagement is not as secret as they think.

The omniscient Hunter has wind of it and decrees that the kissing has to stop. Callan gets the job of killing off the romance but, in this case, he finds a bunch of flowers is more lethal than his gun.

*Callan*

*Hunter*

*Cross*

*Lonely*

*Beth Lampton*

*Mark Tedder*

*Senor Andarez*

*Jeanette Valden*

*Mr. Robinson*

*Messenger*

*D.I.5 man*

Edward Woodward

William Squire

Patrick Mower

Russell Hunter

Stephanie Beacham

Michael Jayston

Oliver Cotton

Rachel Herbert

Edward Harvey

Clyde Pollitt

John Quarmby

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN.

DESIGNER NEVILLE B GREEN DIRECTOR

PETER DUGUID; PRODUCER REGINALD

COLLIN

*Thames Television Production*

# 9.0 Callan

## EDWARD WOODWARD in Breakout

BY JAMES MITCHELL  
with William Squire  
Patrick Mower  
Russell Hunter

As a bell rings for an escaped  
prisoner, they should be ringing for  
Callan

Yellow	Bill Cornichus
John	Charles Morgan
Deception	Frank Mann
Super	William Squire
Crime	Patrick Mower
Like Humphrey Bogart	Edward Woodward
It brings in	Robert Hunter
Callan	Edward Woodward
Finally	Russell Hunter
Target	Tracy Hill
Hunter	John Cornish
Chaplain	William Fox
Waters	William Fox

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKS  
DISTRIBUTED BY T. GREEN  
FOR GULF PUBLISHING CO.

Thames Television Production





Callan—9.0

## 9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in  
**Amos Green Must Live**

BY RAY JENKINS

with William Squire  
 Patrick Mower  
 Russell Hunter

Callan's older brother sure the federal  
 government has a perspective for a  
 different future with young men  
 integration views

Hunter	William Squire
Green	Patrick Mower
Taxi driver	Frank Code
Callan	Edward Woodward
Amos Green	Callan Rimmer
Casey	Stefan Kalipha
Amos Green	Stefan Kalipha
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Principal Woodward	Edwin Arnold
Amos Green	Edwin Arnold
Amos	Nora Haddock
River	Amos Green
Oray	Michael Quill
Hunter's brother	Edwin Arnold

STORY BY RAY JENKINS  
 AND BY RAY JENKINS  
 AND BY RAY JENKINS  
 AND BY RAY JENKINS

Thames Television Production

James Mitchell, novelist and thriller writer, created Callan, television's ruthless secret agent. What are the problems of writing for TV? Does Callan resemble his creator? By DENIS HART

# THE LONELY MAN WHO MADE CALLAN



Photographs by Dmitri Kasterine

**J**AMES Mitchell was born in 1926 in South Shields at the heart of Tyneside, a world of heavy boots, cloth caps, knotted white scarves, and the dole. There were craft classes for the unemployed in a local hall where the atmosphere was companionable and where there were other boys for the child to play with, and there he and his father spent most of their day. James had a sister, but she was older by 14 years and out at work.

His father was an able man, a reader of 19th century fiction and books on labour relations and local government law, a shipyard fitter and shop steward, later organiser for the Amalgamated Engineering Union, councillor, alderman, and in 1947 South Shields' mayor. He would not wear a dinner jacket for the annual Civic Ball but his wife bought herself an evening dress.

Mrs Mitchell hoped that her introspective son would grow up to be a teacher in a grammar school. The boy won a scholarship to one when he was 11 and another from the grammar

**CHARACTER** and author. The actor Edward Woodward created the part of TV killer Callan, and now, James Mitchell says, "I cannot see Callan's face apart from Woodward's." Callan's creator (below) surrounded by the apparatus of TV during a recording



school to Oxford and afterwards had several jobs and two years of repertory acting before settling down to teach, but he had another talent. Today he is spoken of as the successor to Eric Ambler.

In 1958 he wrote his first novel, in 1960 his first television play, in 1964 his first spy thriller. In 1965 he gave up teaching and settled in London and there created for television an efficient, solitary, obsessively clean killer whom England took instantly to her romantic heart.

He called his killer Callan.

James Mitchell lives on the second floor of a smart Kensington block of flats. He opens the door of the flat himself and ushers me through a hall (two big, modern paintings by a friend, Anthony Wishaw) into the sitting room. There are soft velvet armchairs and sofa and an amber glass table bearing big illustrated books. A colour television set stands with its back to the window, above it a Japanese portable television set, behind it a piece of modern abstract sculp-

ture (by Jean Wishaw, wife of Anthony). He speaks quietly and fluently.

"Callan is an evocative name. It has an echo of killing in it, but it just came. For a somewhat solitary and introspective person, as I am, there is a release in violent adventure, and it canalises my romantic streak. I'm less solitary now than before I began to write. I find it easier to make friends. I have more than I used to." How many? "Perhaps a sawyer's handful." He recounts an anecdote of a sawyer who calls for five pints and when the barman doesn't hear the number shouts Five! and holds up what ought to be five fingers but only two of the five are left. "There's a kind of humour indigenous to the area of the North East I come from that's both witty and brutal. The wit up there fascinates me.

"I never doubted as a boy that my life would be spent up there, the sort of life I could see around me then. Think of a Dublin Georgian slum house laid on end. That was our street;



about as far away as one could get from a block of flats like this. It had a life rather like a beehive. The back door was only locked at night. It is easy to be sentimental about it, but the good thing was you couldn't get left in isolation. People constantly called on one another for help, and as my mother and father had the skills they were called on more than most."

A woman in a blue nylon coat comes into the sitting room. She has a cup and saucer in her hand. She asks Mitchell in a low voice if she may take "a cup of coffee for madam" from the pot we have. He says, of course; and he fills the cup for her and the woman leaves the room with it.

"Perhaps what I have in common with Callan is a certain quality of wit, a wryness. Almost nothing else, except that Callan is solitary, and I have given him my interest in military history. He is a planner, a man who is deft with machinery, and that is not me. I have a bad temper, but I'm not violent. I once knew a man who smashed a metal teapot with a poker because it had dribbled on a clean tablecloth. I envy that man. I wish I did things like that. I find it extremely hard to express emotion of any kind, yet I'm an emotional man. It may hark back to my childhood. We were all stoics up there. In the early Thirties we were fighting the economic war, and you had to be in training for it. But my stoicism has been eroding a



**AUTHOR** and assistant at home. Mitchell and wife Delia, who acts as secretary

little since I came to live in the warm, voluptuous South."

Is Callan an admirable man?

"I suppose I admire him for being what I'm not, a man of action. Introspection has no mysteries for me, action has. When I was first asked to write the play" – by the BBC, which commissioned it as a spy script for its *Detective* series and when it got it never produced it; Mitchell bought it back and sold it to Thames Television – "I hadn't the faintest idea what to write. But it must have been ready to be written, because I sat down and wrote it in three weeks off the top of my head, without any effort."

The play was called *A Magnum for Schneider* and was broadcast on February 4, 1967. The response was immediate and whole-hearted. Callan, its hero, was promoted to hero of an immensely successful television series and last year Mitchell felt called upon to re-write the play as a novel. What are the qualities of the character that induced this result?

"I suppose just as everyone loves a lord, so everyone loves a loser, and although Callan is efficient he is always on the losing end. He has no overtones of Eton or Fettes. He has come up from the bottom. Because of his ordinariness the average man

can identify with him, and lots do. And I think an awful lot of women would like to straighten him out. They find satisfaction in his attempts to commit himself to the decencies of life. Callan becomes involved with people, and sometimes because of it will even disobey a direct order to kill.

"His struggle for decency is exemplified in his struggle with Lonely" – a frightened petty criminal whom Callan meets first in jail. "He bullies Lonely, it's true, but he won't allow others to do so. He has even risked his life to protect Lonely. And behind Callan's ordinariness there's an extremely magnetic personality. At some point we all accept, because we must, that we are ordinary, but we hope the magnetism is there in us, too"

Callan is a killer, paid to kill. Killing is his job, the thing he is good at. Does a man willingly or easily identify with a killer?

"Killing is the ultimate gesture against organised society. The ultimate stance is to be alone with a gun, as Callan is. Callan is in an honourable tradition. You remember Chesterton's Don John of Austria: 'The last knight of Europe took his weapons from the war.' And Don John had the same rejected feeling about himself because he was a bastard. Callan feels it, although he is not illegitimate. David about to face Goliath is like Callan about to face the KGB. / *Continued on page 34*



**MITCHELL**, recently named TV writer of the year, strolling near his home

*Continued from page 31* / Or the Sheriff of Dodge City strapping on his guns about to arrest the James gang. Each of these is one of us but supernormal in terms of courage, endeavour, skill, each has about him the romantic appeal of the hero.

"People who saw the play loved Callan and the actor as Callan." Edward Woodward created the part and has played it ever since. "I recognised Woodward as Callan at once, and since then I've never been able to see Callan's face apart from Woodward's. The same is true to a lesser extent of Russell Hunter as Lonely. So you had some perfect casting. And Bill Bain, who directed the play, grasped its meaning instinctively." I hesitate to ask what its meaning is.

"I hesitate to answer. Meaning is the wrong word, possibly. Almost anything I say now will be a 'Pseuds' Corner' word. But there is a kind of savagery and despair and goodness in Callan, and Bill Bain saw it."

I arrive at his flat 20 minutes late because I began to read a proof copy of his new novel *The Winners* and found it hard to put it down. I sink again into the soft velvet sofa, telling him this, saying I can't wait to get back to the book to find out what happens, promising that next time we meet I shall let him know what does. The novel is set in South Shields.

"In many ways, South Shields is the biggest village in the world, even now. It's a great breeder of seafarers. The man next to you in the bus may have just come from Singapore. Almost always, if he leaves, he will come back. It is a place people go back to, and I go back regularly, three or four times a year. If I didn't, I wouldn't recognise myself."

His mother died seven years ago, his father 12 years ago, but his sister lives there. His first wife, from whom he was divorced in 1965, lives there with his two sons, whom he sees often.

"There are big reunions when I go back. I go to the key places, the sea coast, certain areas I know very well,



the Mill Dam, which is a sort of jetty looking out on the Tyne. For me, that is one of the most exciting views in the world, a view of big ships and dirty river, but there's much more to it than that. There's a lovely smell, too, of ships and seaweed, tar and cordage, and a little sewage to give it body.

"I also go back to Tyneside in my novels. For me, they fill a need. I observe the impact on the community of some group that is unusual or eccentric in terms of that community. The characters are amalgams of people I knew. One can find duplicates of them all over the area. My first novel was strongly autobiographical. Social comedy, I suppose, would describe it best. It took about a year to write and was the first thing I'd written since my schooldays. Suddenly it seemed important to me that I should write it, but I'm damned if I know why."

He wrote three novels in sequence. In 1960, Sidney Newman, then Head of Drama at ABC Television, telephoned out of the blue and asked him to write a television version of one of the three, *A Way Back*. Mitchell said it was a good idea but he did not know how to write a television play. Newman said they would teach him.

"He was an incredibly busy man, a brilliant, very likeable Canadian. I spent a whole weekend just talking to him about it. He introduced me to a couple of directors and writers, so that I got a feeling for the mechanics of the thing, and then he just let me go and do it. I called it *Flight From Treason*, and it was a play I was very happy with. Something new came into existence in me, a completely new technique for telling a story. A novelist finds it hard to make the change because television writing seems so ludicrously simple, in the sense of being without complications. Do you understand what I mean?"

No.

"I mean that when you look at a piece of writing for television, it looks as if it were innocent. And that is because, whereas a novelist has his own built-in actors, when you're writing for a visual medium you have to allow the actor to take over many of the functions of the novelist. You pare it down until you've got the quintessence of what you want to say. For example, in a recent Callan play James Cross says something not particularly intelligent. I gave Callan and Lonely four lines of comment on this fact. We took the lines out, and the comment is achieved simply by an exchange of ironic looks. The impact is more immediate, funnier, and truer."

On all sides one hears of the miseries of writing for television, of the frustrations and the compromises, but nothing yet of that sort from him.

"Well, I suppose I've been lucky. When you have a series of your own you're in a position of strength denied



*AMID the paraphernalia of the studio, James Mitchell helps bring Callan to life*

other writers. The picture becomes more rosy as you acquire more control. I work fairly easily as part of a team, but that is governed by the fact that I know I'm getting out, that I work as a novelist as well, and occasionally in films. That gives me a respite. There are times when, as a novelist, you long to be a member of a group, part of a creative team. Equally, the converse.

"Television's greatest frustration for a writer is compromise. You have to cope with a director, producer, story editor, set designer, actors, and quite possibly a special effects man, all of whom may feel that their interpretation is more valid than yours. This is where, if you don't watch it, the meeting can degenerate into a fifth form debate.

**V**ERY often in a series the lead actor, having played the part for, say, 30 hours of television, feels he must instinctively be right. I've had that experience many times." Mitchell has written episodes for well-known series other than Callan. "I've known an actor deliberately ad lib instead of using my lines simply because nothing could shake his conviction that he knew better than I did. The director, in one case I'm thinking of, minded this very much and asked me to re-write the lines in consultation, which I did, reluctantly. Then the actor ad libbed the re-writes. This happened in rehearsal, and it was stopped. Then he did it again on the

tapes, when it was too late to do anything about it. It's a story any television writer will tell you. It happens many times. The most marvelous thing about the Callan series is that it has never happened with Teddy Woodward.

"A bad or miscast actor is another terrible frustration. You can recognise it in the first two or three days of rehearsal, but then it's too late to do anything about it, because the budget on a television play is so tight. But there aren't many bad actors among established actors. Miscasting is far more common than sheer badness. But a part may be outside an artist's range. I dare not give you examples.

"Sometimes, most often because of the budget, I've had my script end up wildly different from the original, but I've never had a case where the final script was unacceptable to me. Usually, with some goodwill, the result can be just as good in another way. The really enormous frustration about writing for television is that the play you've written has come and gone, Wham! And the tape is used again."

He writes steadily. With the help of his wife Delia, a former singer, born in Rangoon, educated in Darjeeling, met in London, and married four years ago, he deals with his correspondence over breakfast, then starts work around 10.30, usually taking a half-hour break for lunch and

finishing at 6 or 6.30. He writes everything in longhand and an agency types it.

"I find that in the first instance I tend to see a novel like a movie at which people are constantly going out for Cokes or to go to the lavatory: in other words, I see some scenes and lose others. After that I see it sequence by sequence, and a sequence might be half a chapter long or three or four chapters. It helps to leave it for a while and do something else. I'm not keen to analyse the creative process, but maybe there is some cross-fertilisation. Obviously a great deal goes on in the subconscious. I write densely. My television plays tend to be overpacked rather than underpacked."

I ask, what writers does it please him to be compared to? He says Raymond Chandler, Eric Ambler, and the Graham Greene of the entertainments, and that he was told by Ambler's wife, whom he met in Hollywood at Easter, that Ambler is a fan of his, which pleased him enormously.

Mitchell was in Hollywood discussing the possibility of filming one of the spy thrillers he writes under the name James Munro. Since 1964 he has written four. He is now discussing with EMI, the parent of Thames Television, a Callan film starring Edward Woodward. He would like to write for the theatre, having last year by invitation written a Tyne side play for the Newcastle Festival.

The Screenwriters' Guild recently named him television writer of the year. I ask him if he is rich.

"May I put it this way? I've just paid my income tax. I rang up my accountant and asked if I could pay it and he said, 'We have adequate funds.'"

How long has he had adequate funds?

"Not terribly long. I haven't starved for a long time. But I've been earning the kind of money that keeps me in this sort of flat for about four years. The trouble is that in this business you make money very fast, but it's difficult to hedge off against the time when your earnings may depreciate."

Will Callan go on and on?

"On."

Will there be other novels about him?

"Yes, I want to write them very much."

Other writers have written episodes for the Callan television series. Are they as good as the ones Mitchell writes?

"What a question. Some have been, some not. But then, some of mine are not as good as others. You remember that story about Picasso?" And he tells me the story of Picasso painting a picture and years later coming across it again and denouncing it as a fake, and the owner protesting that Picasso had painted it, and Picasso saying, "I often paint fakes." T



# CREATIVE SITUATIONS

**T**ELEVISION is the infant of the communications media; and yet, as it exists today, it is aimed at everybody except the young, with its bias firmly towards middle-age. There are children's programmes, and there are programmes for mature adults, and between the two is nothing: a gap as brutal as surgery, that cuts out the teens and twenties until marriage and mortgage and hire purchase shackle the newly-weds in front of the set - to Hughie Green and Des O'Connor, *Coronation Street* and *Callan*.

It might be argued that pop music programmes such as *Top of the Pops* are aimed at the young, but they are few in number, and as often as not produced, directed, and even compered by middle-aged swingers breathless in the pursuit of their long since vanished youth. Surely this kind of programme above all others is the one in which young people should have the greatest possible involvement? It is, after all, the music of the young, and they should be allowed to make their own case for it whether the rest of us reject it or not.

The whole of television would seem to be somewhat ageing for an infant; the infant already has a bald spot, and a bit of a pot on it. Its attitudes are hardening even faster than its arteries, which is inevitable when you consider the people by whom it is served. Far too many of us have been in television from its post-war revival, and there is not nearly enough fresh, young talent coming in.

This does not, of course, apply to actors, who accept television as an essential part of their trade. The trouble is that - actors aside - there is far too little young creative talent

coming into the medium, especially writing and directing talent, and those of us who are older and still working in the medium are all too aware of the fact: so we pretend. We must be the only business in existence where the grown-ups pretend to be children: where a 40-year-old writer is still labelled promising; where a 37-year-old director longing for a bowler hat and short back and sides settles for sandals and an Afghan coat. We need youth in the business, and we know it, but denied the substance we settle for the shadow: Limmits instead of a meal. We need it because we are aware of the dangers of complacency, of familiar ground gone over until it has been picked bare, of the comfortable illusion that what was good the first time will be even better the hundredth.

All too often the young do not even bother to look at the box, let alone work for it, and this is sad indeed. It has qualities of immediacy and mechanical ingenuity which could and should have great appeal to young people, and a core of mature writers, directors and producers anxious to work with them, to share the kind of craftsmanship that takes a sizeable portion of one's life to acquire.

We are anxious to share our craftsmanship because we are concerned with renewal, and because such sharing would create an atmosphere of cross-fertilisation that might lead to a renaissance of television entertainment. There have in the past been moments of impact on the small screen when one became aware at once that something enthrallingly new was happening: the early *Z Cars* for example, or *The Planemakers*, or an *Armchair Theatre* play by Clive Exton or Alun Owen. Nowadays there are long gaps between such moments, and the chances are that they will grow longer, for these moments are often the products

of fresh minds that see a problem familiar to us all, and provide a new solution, and hence a new adventure in creativity.

Alas, not only do the fresh minds reject the medium; it is closing its doors on them. The always limited number of places for trainee directors is diminishing: in fact I know of only one directors' course still in existence. For trainee writers there is no provision at all, except the advice available from the Writers' Guild (from, in fact, the champions whose crowns they are after) or from the best kind of story editor.

The programme companies see youth as a gamble, and the time for gambling in television has long been over. Youth is a time of daring, after all, and daring presupposes failure, and the deafening click the companies fear is ten million sets switching over when a programme fails. To the companies, this is a valid argument, based solidly on finance; but to me it is far too oversimplified. Suppose, for example, in the 50 or so minutes of a series drama, there were ten minutes - or even five - that you would remember for months? Never mind whether it was by a newcomer or an old pro shocked out of atrophy by the challenge of youth. Would you have switched over then?

**I**F THE answer is yes, then there is no hope for us, but I cannot believe that it is. So often in the past the viewers responded favourably to a new and exciting programme that the company producing it was afraid of, simply because it was new, and therefore unpredictable. But viewers are not merely numbers to be measured out in TAM ratings. They are human beings. And one of the qualities of a human being is this same lack of predictability. It is also the very essence of drama. T

**JAMES MITCHELL, 44, novelist, playwright and creator of *Callan*, the TV killer, is the subject of an article by Denis Hart on page 29.**

# TVTimes

3p

FEB 26-MAR 3  
London



## EMERGENCY EDITION



**9.0** New Series

## Callan

**EDWARD WOODWARD** in  
**That'll Be the Day**

BY JAMES MITCHELL  
with **RUSSELL HUNTER**  
**PATRICK MOWER**  
**WILLIAM SQUIRE**  
**GEOFFREY CHATER**  
and **T. P. McKENNA**

The king is dead. He must be – he threw his own ashes on the grave. Intriguing? But then every case is intriguing for Callan. Hunter, his boss, sees to that. In this new series he again moves Callan, pawn-like, into impossible situations. And with the smoothly uncompromising Cross ever-ready to laugh at his downfall, Callan again plays espionage chess.

*Parson*  
*Hunter*  
*Previous Hunter*  
*Bishop*  
*Cross*  
*Stafford*  
*Liz*  
*Lonely*  
*Milkman*  
*Callan*  
*Karsky*  
*Lebidev*  
*Prison guard*  
*Lonely's auntie*  
*Richmond*  
*Snell*

**SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL :**  
**STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN :**  
**DESIGNER TERRY PRITCHARD :** **DIRECTOR**  
**MIKE VARDY :** **PRODUCER REGINALD**  
**COLLIN**  
*Thames Television Production*

**Jonathan Newth**  
**William Squire**  
**Ronald Radd**  
**Geoffrey Chater**  
**Patrick Mower**  
**Paul Williamson**  
**Lisa Langdon**  
**Russell Hunter**  
**John Joyce**  
**Edward Woodward**  
**Julian Glover**  
**Michael Godfrey**  
**Terence Denville**  
**Queenie Watts**  
**T. P. McKenna**  
**Clifford Rose**



**9.0**

Callan captured. Callan defiant. But one thing he will confess: "I'm the top man. The tough jobs... the nasty jobs... the dangerous jobs, I get them all." Michael Godfrey, Julian Glover, Edward Woodward tonight

**12.0**

## What the Papers Say

Alan Coren, Deputy Editor of *Punch*, looks at the week's newspapers.

**DIRECTOR RICHARD GUINEA :** **PRODUCER**  
**MALCOLM SOUTHAN**

*Granada Television Production*



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Independent Television Publications Ltd., 1972

**12.15** (approx.)

## East Meets West

**MADHAV SHARMA**  
**PEGGY HOLROYDE**

One of the most obvious differences between the people of the East and the people of the West is in their religious beliefs, and this is often the source of considerable misunderstanding. Madhav Sharma asks Mrs. Peggy Holroyde, author of *East Comes West*, how this can be avoided.

**12.25** (approx.) **Closedown**



# **9.0 Callan**

**EDWARD WOODWARD in  
Call Me Sir!**

**BY BILL CRAIG**

**with RUSSELL HUNTER**

**PATRICK MOWER**

**WILLIAM SQUIRE**

**GEOFFREY CHATER**

The Section puts Lonely in a red file – that means he's totally expendable. And someone is using him as bait for Callan . . .

*Callan*

*Bishop*

*Stafford*

*Tramp*

*Cross*

*Lonely*

*Flo Mayhew*

*Hunter*

*Trowbridge*

*Liz*

**Edward Woodward**

**Geoffrey Chater**

**Paul Williamson**

**Alan Downer**

**Patrick Mower**

**Russell Hunter**

**Sarah Lawson**

**William Squire**

**Glynn Edwards**

**Lisa Langdon**

**STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN:**

**DESIGNER STAN WOODWARD; DIRECTOR**

**MIKE VARDY; PRODUCER REGINALD**

**COLLIN**

*Thames Television Production*



**9.0**

**Is Myra selling information?  
Anthony Valentine takes a  
firm hand with Coral Atkins**

## **9.0 Callan**

**EDWARD WOODWARD in  
First Refusal**

**BY BILL CRAIG**

**with RUSSELL HUNTER  
PATRICK MOWER  
GEOFFREY CHATER  
ANTHONY VALENTINE**

**A list of 10 British agents leads Callan  
into a double, double-cross situation.**

*Anton Bristac  
Vopo Officer  
Bishop  
Callan  
Lonely  
Kitzlinger  
Myra Kessler  
Cross  
Meres  
Liz*

*Christopher Owen  
Carl Bohun  
Geoffrey Chater  
Edward Woodward  
Russell Hunter  
Martin Wyldeck  
Coral Atkins  
Patrick Mower  
Anthony Valentine  
Lisa Langdon*

**STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN :**

**DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL : DIRECTOR**

**JIM GODDARD : PRODUCER REGINALD  
COLLIN**

*Thames Television Production*



**9.0**

Verna Harvey as a young Russian girl caught in a web of diplomatic intrigue

## 9.0 Callan

**EDWARD WOODWARD in  
Rules of the Game**

BY RAY JENKINS

with **RUSSELL HUNTER**  
**PATRICK MOWER**  
**GEOFFREY CHATER**

Callan, now acting as Hunter, is drawn into a grim game of tit-for-tat. But certain information is withheld from him . . .

*Lonely*  
*Hard-faced woman*  
*Callan*  
*Bishop*  
*Alevtina*  
*Medov*  
*Danera*  
*Cross*  
*Liz*  
*Kane*  
*Vasyayev*  
*Neville Dennis*  
*Matron*

**Russell Hunter**  
**Joan Ogden**  
**Edward Woodward**  
**Geoffrey Chater**  
**Virginia Stride**  
**Mike Pratt**  
**Verna Harvey**  
**Patrick Mower**  
**Lisa Langdon**  
**Timothy Carlton**  
**Philip Brack**  
**James Cossins**  
**Sheelah Wilcocks**

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN :  
DESIGNER BERNARD SPENCER : DIRECTOR  
VOYTEK : PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN  
*Thames Television Production*

# 9.0 Callan

**EDWARD WOODWARD in**  
**If He Can, So Could I**

BY RAY JENKINS

with **RUSSELL HUNTER**  
**PATRICK MOWER**  
**GEOFFREY CHATER**  
and **ANTHONY VALENTINE**

The instability of Cross becomes a grave problem, to which only he can provide an answer. But Cross' solution precisely concerns Callan's future.

**The birth of Callan, pages 20-21**

<i>Snell</i>	Clifford Rose
<i>Callan</i>	Edward Woodward
<i>Cross</i>	Patrick Mower
<i>Meres</i>	Anthony Valentine
<i>Bishop</i>	Geoffrey Chater
<i>Vadim</i>	Morris Perry
<i>Cuthbertson</i>	John Abineri
<i>Foster</i>	Andrew Burt
<i>Sato</i>	Alan Chuntz
<i>Liz</i>	Lisa Langdon
<i>Trofimchuk</i>	Peter Blythe
<i>Karen</i>	Vicky Williams
<i>Harris</i>	David Hargreaves
<i>Lonely</i>	Russell Hunter

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN :

DESIGNER MIKE HALL : DIRECTOR

PETER DUGUID : PRODUCER REGINALD

COLLIN

*Thames Television Production*





The two men behind Callan: James Mitchell the author and Edward Woodward the actor

**A**S A YOUNG MAN I did a lot of travelling, mostly around the Mediterranean: Italy, France, Spain, North Africa. A lot of it was caused by simply running away – not so much from home, from my parents, as if I were 13 instead of 23, but from the place where I was born: from Tyneside, or more precisely from South Shields. I loved the town dearly, but I knew it would never let me go. If a break came, I would have to be the one who made it.

All the Geordies I have ever known have had this inexplicable love for the place they grew up in. Many of them travel vast distances from it, but most of them go back – to grime and harshness and a bitter north-east wind, but also to a matchless coast and a familiar dialect in the mouths of people they understand, who understand them.

In all love affairs, the beloved gives a lot – and demands a lot. It is often easier to escape from the demands and forgo the favours; so I travelled.

I took jobs as a travel courier from time to time, and they helped to pay for my journeys. Mostly they were dull routine, but they did have their excitements. I remember one nightmare trip on a Folkestone-Boulogne packet-boat, with 15 children of assorted nationalities. It was a very choppy crossing and death by drowning seemed awfully possible. I rounded them up every few minutes, like an untrained sheepdog, and counted them, just to be sure that all 15 were there. It was an experience that was to prove very useful when I took to schoolteaching... As it happened, I didn't lose a single child. I did worse. At the last count I had 16 kids.

When I couldn't be a courier I worked abroad as an English teacher. That was at a time when every unattached male in southern Europe had only one ambition in life – to be a waiter in a London restaurant until he had made enough money to go to New York and be a waiter there.

Finding pupils was easy. Finding pupils with the ability to pay was rather more of a problem. Pay immediately, that is – in later years those English lessons paid for themselves again and again. In scenery, for example: the great set pieces in Rome, Salamanca, Marrakesh; in love and hate seen through foreign eyes, and therefore observed more closely, analysed, retold in the mind; the very beginning of a writer's craft.

At the time, the lessons were enjoyable just for themselves. It was amusing to speculate which excuses you'd be offered for non-payment each week, and to mark down a new one as an astronomer marks down a new star. But even in the worst weeks, someone always paid. I always ate, and always learned something new. About spies for example...

# THE CONTENTED SAINT WITH A KILLER'S GRACE

## Was this the man who inspired the birth of Callan?

James Mitchell, born in South Shields, County Durham, in 1926, was brought up in what he describes as cheerful poverty. In 15 years as a writer he has produced 11 novels, three film scripts, and more than 30 television plays. His most famous character is Callan. Here, in the first of three articles which look at three men who left their mark on his life, he recalls the events behind Callan's birth

**I**FIRST LEARNED about spies in Spain, in 1952, from a man called Paco. Perhaps it was then that I first wanted to write about spies, too; perhaps then Callan was born – but what makes me choose a subject is something I can never analyse, nor do I want to.

Paco was about 5ft. 8in. tall, 11 stone, and handsome in a very Spanish way. By that I mean that he had very masculine, regular features and walked like a torero. He had the same killer's grace. It was a feline thing; the body pared down to essential bone and muscle, and nothing left over. That is a very obvious thing to see in any man, and yet it was not the most obvious thing about Paco. He had something else.

It was his laughter you remembered. Laughter can mean so many things: cruelty, insolence, even boredom. But Paco's laughter always meant one thing only: a pure, spontaneous joy. It was the laughter of a contented saint. Not that Paco had much time for saints; saints were a woman's business. Not that he had much to laugh about, either, in my opinion.

By night he was a waiter in a decrepit bar in a dingy street. The job paid nothing but free drinks and the chance of an occasional tip. By day he worked as a builder's labourer – "Hotels, always hotels" – and in his free time he hustled; selling pencils, melons, ice-cream, loading trucks or acting as half of a two-man removal business. They didn't own a truck, a mule cart or even a barrow. What had to be moved, they carried, regardless of its shape, size or weight. Inevitably it was a slow service, but it was cheap. In a good week, a very good week, he made £5, which had to keep himself, a widowed sister, and her five kids. Somehow it did. And Paco was happy: he laughed all the time. He said it was for two reasons, both negative. He wasn't in the army, and



he wasn't in prison. He knew a lot about armies and prisons; he'd spent most of his adult life in one or the other.

When business in the bar was slack – which was most of the time – he'd sit and talk to me about what he'd seen, where he'd been – but not about his spying. At my age, with my background, I wasn't ready to bear the weight of that knowledge, and he knew it. He told me instead about the rest of his life, and he told me in Spanish, which I was still struggling to learn. It was a good discipline. If I didn't work at it, I missed the point of his stories, and they were too good to miss. I owe to Paco my ability to speak Spanish, and I'm grateful, even though to this day it tends to be a bit dodgy in mixed company.

Paco had fought in the Spanish Civil War on the Republican side. When they lost, he crossed the border into France, and was put straight into an internment camp. When our war came, and the Germans invaded France, he was sent to do forced labour alongside Russian prisoners of war, and when at last they were liberated by the Americans, Paco presented quite a problem to his liberators. Spain hadn't been in the war; he was neither an ally nor an enemy; so what were they going to do with him? They stuck to regulations. "All liberated peoples must be repatriated," the book said, so they sent him back to Spain, to the people he'd fought against for more than three years. They put him in prison: a year for every year he'd fought them. When he came out, incredibly, he was called up for National Service – in a penal battalion, army and prison combined. Two years of it at one new penny a day. Talk of America was the one thing I can remember that stopped Paco's laughter...

He spied, I learned later, against the régime in Spain. There was no doubt in his mind that the revolution would come, and when it did, everyone had to be ready, with weapons, training, information. And information meant spies like Paco. He had contacts everywhere, even in the police. They met him and talked, and a fact would be dropped into the gossip before they moved on.

His technique, I believe, was excellent. Perhaps there had been K.G.B. men among the Russians he did forced labour with.

Often enough, I discovered, he used me as a cover. Who would suspect two Spaniards chatting with an Englishman over a cup of wine? And he made sure that even I couldn't betray him. When Paco and his contact got down to business they spoke in a dialect so thick that even a Spaniard from another region couldn't have understood them.

If anybody ever had suspected him, and his cover had been blown, I'd have been in for a hard time. Not nearly as hard as his, but hard enough. I don't suppose the thought ever crossed his mind, but if it had the laughter would have continued. We liked each other well enough, but the revolution – that was important. Maybe his information was important, too, but I doubt it, except to himself. It made him a man of status; without it there would have been no laughter.

I only learned about what he had done after his death. After what he had been through and survived it was hard to believe that anything could kill him. But a drunk hit-and-run driver had managed it with ease. Paco had been selling ice-creams at the time, and the pink and white and lemon blobs lay around him like a wreath.

Hit and run? It was on his death certificate, but – maybe it's because of all the spy stories I've written – sometimes I wonder. Perhaps his information had been important after all.

NEXT WEEK: James Mitchell tells of his fearsome grandfather



# 9.0 Callan



## **EDWARD WOODWARD in None of Your Business**

BY TREVOR PRESTON

with **RUSSELL HUNTER**

**WILLIAM SQUIRE**

**GEOFFREY CHATER**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

How easy is it to get a false passport? Even Callan has difficulty, but when he solves the problem, he finds he has also broken a ring for getting enemy agents out of the country.

**See feature page 12**

*Meres*

*Bishop*

*Callan*

*Liz*

*West*

*Stafford*

*Lonely*

*Hunter*

*Stella*

*Reeves*

*Lucas*

*Dorman*

*Black*

*Anthony Valentine*

*Geoffrey Chater*

*Edward Woodward*

*Lisa Langdon*

*Peter Eyre*

*Paul Williamson*

*Russell Hunter*

*William Squire*

*Wendy Hamilton*

*Brian Murphy*

*Tony Selby*

*Donald Webster*

*David Whitman*

**STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN:**

**DESIGNER STAN WOODWARD: DIRECTOR**

**VOYTEK: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN**

*Thames Television Production*

# CALLAN-FACT OR FICTION?

**W**HAT IS the truth about *Callan*? Is he fact or fantasy?

Does such a man—or such a team as Hunter, Ross and all—actually operate from within the pin-striped, bowler-hatted Civil Service community of Whitehall?

Despite David Callan, James Bond, Harry Palmer (*The Ipcress File*) and Alec Leamas (who came in from the cold)—and despite the Philby, Burgess, Maclean and Vassall affairs—it is still difficult to imagine such sinister activities going on beneath the urbane image of the Foreign Office and its Secretary of State, Sir Alec Douglas-Home.

Britain does, of course, have a Secret Service. But does it employ men like Callan?

Miles Copeland says "No"—and he should know. He's a former agent of the United States' Central Intelligence Agency (C.I.A.) whose work in the Middle East brought him into close contact with British intelligence agents—and made him a personal friend of the late Egyptian President, Gamal Abdel Nasser, whom he featured in a book on diplomatic intrigue called *The Game of Nations*.

Callan and a unit like him—with Hunter and killers—"could not exist in any intelligence service," he says. "It would not be tolerated, nor would some of the things that Callan gets up to. Also, the situations that he confronts each week would not happen to a real agent over a space of five years.

"No secret service would draw its men from prison or the criminal world. The best killers would be the ones who are not psychopathic killers—just as the best liars are not people who habitually lie. A killer, for instance, would probably be an utter coward if told to kill for his country.

"Also, Callan is English—and British intelligence groups do not use British agents for Callan's sort

of espionage. They would use foreigners, like Egyptians perhaps. On the other hand, the Russians would use British nationals for an operation in Britain—as in the case of Philby, Burgess and Maclean."

Copeland makes another important point: agents like Callan are now a Cold War anachronism. Spy satellites and electronic eavesdropping have made them redundant. They are frequently unreliable—likely to work for both sides. They can be dishonest—making up "intelligence" to justify their jobs. "And they are now gradually being considered a complete waste of money."

But Callan is no phoney, says Copeland. "From the fictional point of view, the characterisation is excellent, and the programme is easily the best thing on television."

What do the *Callan* people themselves think of this? Producer Reginald Collin, replying to Miles Copeland's comments, gives the whole crux of the problem of portraying an entirely authentic secret agent: "The activities of any secret service are, for obvious security reasons, *secret*. And, while Callan's role cannot be fully proved, it also cannot be disproved.

"One newspaper critic has paid us the backhanded compliment of accusing *Callan* of taking itself too seriously. But, in fact, we are serious about *Callan*, and we are trying to

be as authentic as possible about something for whose authenticity nobody can really vouch."

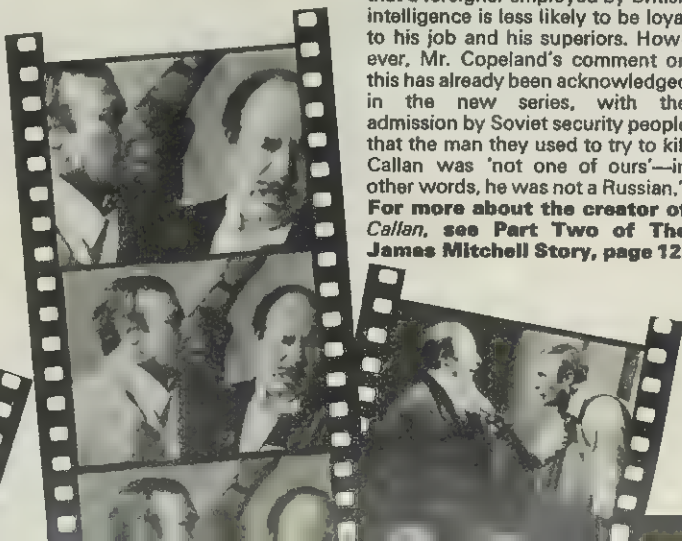
Collin disputes Copeland's claim that Hunter's unit just does not exist. "It would appear that organisations like this are used in certain other countries, and therefore it's difficult to think that we British would be loath to involve ourselves in the same shady business.

"It seems reasonable to us that they would use a Briton. We've always laughed at the Carruthers type who is told: 'Remember, old chap, if you get into trouble we won't be able to stand by you'. But, while he is a caricature, is it likely that there's no Briton prepared to do the sort of dirty job that's always done with the highest motive in mind—national security, for instance?

"All secret service villains see themselves as 'goodies' from their end of the telescope. Callan always questions his assignments and basically loathes killing—but he's prepared to do it for something he believes in. And Snell, Hunter's medical expert, is willing to break a man's mentality in interrogation for the good of his country.

"Callan and the others are not sadistic—the Russian roulette sequence involving Cross and Lonely, in the first episode of the new series, is about as far as that sort of thing goes.

"Another point to bear in mind is that a foreigner employed by British intelligence is less likely to be loyal to his job and his superiors. However, Mr. Copeland's comment on this has already been acknowledged in the new series, with the admission by Soviet security people that the man they used to try to kill Callan was 'not one of ours'—in other words, he was not a Russian." **For more about the creator of *Callan*, see Part Two of The James Mitchell Story, page 12.**





**I** TOOK TO WRITING very late in life. In the jargon of my schoolmaster days, I'm what is known as a late developer. Even the idea of writing fiction didn't occur to me till I was over 30.

Before that, I had been many things, and failed at most of them—or perhaps failed is too romantic a word. I'd let most things slide out of boredom, and turn to the next out of necessity... It requires no creative ability to realise that if you don't earn, you don't eat. And so, by the time I was 30, I'd been a shipyard worker, an actor, an undergraduate, a barman, a travel courier; even, briefly, an officer cadet. (So much better, my mother thought, to command than to obey. Alas, how soon my status dwindled, though I was never very good at obedience.)

When I started to write, I was back in my birthplace, South Shields, on Tyneside, working at a job that seemed both permanent and satisfying. I was a schoolmaster, and a quite contented one, living in a town from which most of my other jobs had been an attempt to break away. Maybe that's why I saved the best till last...

South Shields is a heavy industrial town. While I was growing up there, its major industries were mining, ship-building, ship repairing and seafaring. Now, nearly all the pits are closed, and ship repairing is ailing. Now, as in the year that I was born, the town is a depressed area. (I don't know what the current jargon is. Maybe it's a "special" area. Maybe it's "intermediate". It's a place where you can't get a job, and to call that depressing is the sort of unconscious irony that only politicians can achieve.)

My father worked in the shipyards, and later, for the union. He was a short, stocky man with a fine brain and an enormous amount of dedication. My earliest memories are of strikes, lock-outs, and election nights. In those days, politics was a serious business, and elections, even local elections, led to quite promising punch-ups.

To me it seemed that my background was the reverse of literary. Recollections of dole queues and the Means Test are commonplace now in the memoirs of the successful middle-aged, but they happened all the same, and brought misery with them. You didn't think about literature—and yet all the raw material was there.

The scenes, for instance. Brass band marches, mass meetings, with speeches as bitter as booze, and as intoxicating. More than 30 years later, I was to remember it all in my novel *The Winners*. For conflict I had the class struggle, the never-ending battle be-



## THE JAMES MITCHELL STORY—PART TWO

# THAT FEARSOME MAN WHO TAUGHT ME WHAT TO WRITE

James Mitchell remembers his grandfather as a violent drunken gambler, oblivious to family obligation. And yet Mitchell, creator of *Callan*, is eternally grateful to him — "because he taught me a lot about conflict." Here, Mitchell (shown right, aged three) presents a picture of South Shields during the depressed Twenties (see below): barefoot boys, dole queues, dejection — and, for him, inspiration



tween us and them, and the characters were all around me. People like my father, who one day took an axe to a house door to admit an old woman who had been unfairly locked out by her landlord. I don't remember it as surprising, but, by God, it was splendid. The people were there, all right, which was fortunate for me.

You see, a writer's raw material is people; all the people he has ever met, first remembered, then half-forgotten, until at last they linger only in his dreams and inspiration, waiting to be put to work.

There, they are broken up into usable fragments—a glance, a trick of speech, a way of facing, or avoiding, a prob-

lem—then assembled all unconsciously into a new person, a character in a book, a play or a film, like so many pieces of Meccano. And Meccano-like, they can be taken to pieces and used again. Last week a bridge, tomorrow a lorry; last week a lawyer, tomorrow a spy.

But some of them refuse to be broken. They survive the passage of time, the failure of memory, to stay obstinately complete—like my father's father. He was the one who taught me the first essential of a writer's craft: conflict, for without conflict there is no drama, however skilfully the characters are created. The writer must first create people

you believe in, then he must make you care what happens to them. Will Harry succeed in his struggle — and make us laugh at his success? Will Angela fail in hers — and make us weep?

My grandfather taught me about conflict by making me aware of it in myself. I feared him almost as much as I longed for his company, and my fear of him was the most terrible fear I have ever known.

He was a tall man, handsome and immensely strong. One of my father's earliest memories was of him throwing three Scandinavian sailors out, single-handed, from a pub he ran, tossing them effort-

lessly into the street. Yet he showed a certain care. The men were drunk.

Drunkenness was common enough in South Shields at the time, and so was violence. It was a dirty, aggressive, and often cruel town, a town of pits and shipyards; hard work in hard conditions. The men there put in long hours at labour and that was a kind of fighting, and came home dirty. Except my grandfather. Work, he considered, was degrading, and he refused to let himself be degraded.

It was a principle he stuck to all his life — perhaps the only one. I don't count his management of the pub. That he considered simply a licence to drink beer without paying. The brewery agreed with him, and he was fired in six months.

The rest of his adult life he devoted to drinking and gambling, at which he usually showed a profit. There is a legend in the family that he set off one morning on foot, and reappeared a week later with a pony and trap, and a brand-new bowler hat full of money. Both he and the pony were drunk. He had won the turn-out in a card game, but when he was sober, he had no idea where...

He either despised or detested people, and yet they always came to him, as I did. I think this was partly because he was a victor. In a world of work, he alone was idle, and living well on it. But it was also because of his charm. Careless, selfish, drunken, cruel; every sin was forgiven him, because of that charm.

The tenderness in his life was squandered on animals: the pony, dogs, rabbits, a monkey that smoked cigarettes and drank whisky out of a thimble, and ducks.

It is the ducks that I remember best. They lived in hutches in the back yard, and every Friday he would stop up the drain, turn on the outside tap, and flood the yard. Those ducks knew Friday as well as the neighbours knew pay day. Throughout the afternoon the excitement mounted; by tea-time it was intense. When the tap was turned on the thudding of their wings was like applause. At last he would open the hutches and in they would go, transformed at once from clowns to harlequins, elegant, graceful, joyous while it lasted, till the drain was unplugged, and their dignity drained away with the water.

He was a terrible man, I know, violent in his rages, oblivious to family obligation; but he was feared and he was admired, and his charm always worked.

My grandfather taught me a lot about conflict, and I'm grateful. It's come in very useful.

**NEXT WEEK:** The rich memory of Mr. Hakagawa.



# 9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in  
**Charlie Says It's Goodbye**

BY JAMES MITCHELL

with **RUSSELL HUNTER**

**WILLIAM SQUIRE**

Callan is as serious about his work as he is about falling in love. Unfortunately, these two pluses produce a negative result. **James Mitchell** – page 12

*Liz*

*Callan*

*Hunter*

*James Palliser*

*Susan Morris*

*Trent*

*Komorowski*

*Lonely*

*Shop assistant*

*Lisa Langdon*

*Edward Woodward*

*William Squire*

*Dennis Price*

*Beth Harris*

*Richard Morant*

*John G. Heller*

*Russell Hunter*

*Alison Hughes*

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN :

DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL : DIRECTOR

PETER DUGUID : PRODUCER REGINALD

COLLIN

*Thames Television Production*

CONCLUDING: THE JAMES MITCHELL STORY

# IF I FIND A VICTIM ON A TRAIN

A writer's stock-in-trade is his memory – a ragbag of places and people from the past, selected with an artist's eye and tucked away, one day to be dusted off and stitched into an imaginative work of art. For James Mitchell, creator of *Callan*, the ragbag is the reward of years of restlessness and adventure – and an eye for people like sad Mr. Hakagawa from Japan...



Character and creator: Lonely (Russell Hunter) with James Mitchell

**W**RITING IS A solitary business. On most working days a writer sits pounding a typewriter or pushing a pen, and that is all. Anybody else would find such a way of life unbelievably dull – but not a writer. Sometimes he loves it, quite often he hates it, but it is far too important to be dull. If it ever becomes so, he stops.

It's a very satisfying way of life, but not a glamorous one – though many seem to think it is. At parties, for example, other guests say: "It must be marvellous to be a writer and know all about people." But I'm a writer, not a psychoanalyst: I don't understand people, I portray them, and I don't rely on textbooks. I rely on inspiration and my memories, and the day they won't work for me I'm out of a job.

The memories come straight from the unconscious mind. They include incidents and people that are almost completely forgotten. But they live on in the unconscious, broken down into component parts, waiting to be assembled and used, then sent back till the next time.

To do it, you sit in a room and write. The glamour is over. The restlessness is finished, because restlessness is a kind of search, and long ago I found what I was looking for. I'm middle-aged now, and sedentary; the idea of being a travel-courier or a barman, so that I could move around and meet new people, has lost its appeal.

And it's marvellous. That's the wonderful, amazing part about it. The room, the desk, the pen travelling over the paper – these, to me, are fulfilment. These are what the travelling and the people I enjoyed so much were for. People and places are the invested capital which will keep me, I hope, until my writing dies. In those, at least, I've stored up a lot of riches. Now is the time to spend my capital.

I'm glad, for example, that I met Mr. Hakagawa. It must have been six or seven years ago, but I was already a writer, with a body of work achieved, and that, I think, helped me to see him as he really was.

My first impression was that he was

simply a comic eccentric, and although eccentrics fascinate me because they refuse to conform to any pattern except their own, they are usually impossible as main characters in a work of the imagination.

That first impression was accurate enough, but it didn't record the whole man. To see him as he really was I've had to wait until this moment, when I've come to write about him.

I met him on a train from London to Newcastle. A television company had demanded my presence, so I was travelling first-class. So was Mr. Hakagawa. We had centre seats, and were flanked by middle-aged men and women, who were in agonies of embarrassment when I entered.

At first I thought it was me. But Mr. Hakagawa stood up as I sat, and I thought he was going to bow. Maybe it was something the Japanese did in first-class compartments. I began to feel embarrassed myself. Suppose he expected *me* to bow? I needn't have worried – not about that, at any rate. Mr. Hakagawa had stood up to lift a briefcase off the rack. He took out a bottle of Scotch and two paper cups, poured two large ones, replaced the bottle and put the briefcase back on the rack. He then offered me a Scotch, and I realised the cause of the embarrassment wasn't me at all. It was him.

The others, I knew at once, had also been offered Scotch and had refused – it was 10 o'clock in the morning, after all. But I have my own views on politeness, and Scotch is Scotch. I drank it. So did Mr. Hakagawa. He then got up and went through the whole sequence again. During the third drink he began to talk, and I realised, with some surprise, that I could understand Japanese. Every word made sense.

The third Scotch was enormous, and it was only after I had finished it and he had talked for some minutes that it dawned on me that Mr. Hakagawa was really speaking English, an English so weird that it sounded like Japanese. On the other hand, it took *him* at least another two Scotches to cope with my Georgie accent.

We got on beautifully. I even sorted

out his problem about lunch on trains. Mr. Hakagawa told me that in the brief time he'd been in Britain he'd travelled thousands of miles by train, and never once had he managed to get lunch, dinner, or breakfast. He had a bunch of unused meal tickets to prove it.

He considered us a mysterious, even inscrutable, people. What was the point of promising meals if we had no intention of supplying them? I told him that they were available in the dining car. In Japan, it seems, there is no dining car. The train staff bring the food to you. Mr. Hakagawa's gratitude was so intense that he opened the bar again.

At lunch we drank wine, and this was another wonder. To Mr. Hakagawa, wine was always made from rice. Wine from grapes was a far from accurate imitation, but not to be despised.

I got out at Newcastle, leaving him convinced that the Flying Scotsman would take him to Dundee. I hoped the railway official to whom he would tell his troubles would have drunk plenty of Scotch.

In the old days, before I became a writer, I would have assessed Mr. Hakagawa as a comic eccentric, and left it at that. I would have been wrong. He was a sad man. The sadness is the first thing I remember.

Think about him as I've described him: an obvious foreigner, completely on his own in a land he found very strange; a man with a language problem, and a woefully weak head for Scotch, considering how much he drank; a man who was, at least potentially, a victim. Perhaps one day he will be a main character after all. At least he knew how to get a first-class compartment to himself. When we came back from lunch, the middle-class English had fled.

It was hard to leave Mr. Hakagawa, and for some reason impossible to make him understand that the Flying Scotsman never went to Dundee. When we parted, he gave me a present: a sketch of the Round Pond at Hampstead, in London, drawn by himself. People think it's a Japanese landscape.

# 9.0 Callan

**EDWARD WOODWARD in**  
**I Never Wanted the Job**

BY JOHN KERSHAW

with **RUSSELL HUNTER**

**WILLIAM SQUIRE**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

After he has witnessed a murder,  
Lonely is wanted by police and killers.  
Can Callan save him from *both* sides  
of the law? **See page 14**

*Steve*  
*Sunshine*

*Tina*  
*Dollar*

*Lonely*  
*Fred*

*Harold*  
*Callan*

*Hunter*  
*Meres*

*Albert*  
*Det. Sgt.*

*Det. Con.*  
*Abbott*

*Driver*

*Paul Angelis*  
*Michael Deacon*

*Cleo Sylvestre*  
*Val Musetti*

*Russell Hunter*  
*Robert Grange*

*John Levene*  
*Edward Woodward*

*William Squire*  
*Anthony Valentine*

*Ron Pember*  
*Frank Coda*

*Frank Jarvis*  
*William Marlowe*

*Peter Hutchins*

**STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN :**  
**DESIGNER PETER LE PAGE :** **DIRECTOR**  
**JIM GODDARD :** **PRODUCER REGINALD**  
**COLLIN**

*Thames Television Production*



**W**HEN you've been on the road as long as I have, stuck in a cab, you're bound to have a few stories to tell.

I started driving after World War One, when you had to take a separate test for each different vehicle you used. I passed on a Beardmore, Panhard, Citroen, Morris, all sorts.

'Course it wasn't like it is today. The public's taxi-minded now. All sorts use cabs – some I wouldn't stop for.

When I started, you had to chase jobs. I'd often work round London's Mayfair and Kensington and if I couldn't get a fare I'd go into the City looking for a stockbroker – a "top Johnny."

When I drive by these places today it's pure and simple nostalgia. All changed, though. Standards have gone down badly.

Look at Piccadilly. Not worth two-pence. The layabouts there give a very bad impression.

Everything's got very *ordinary*. One of the most famous restaurants in the world is the Café Royal in Piccadilly. You and me we could walk in there right now. Once it was just for your tip top aristocracy.

We used to drive what we called The Upper 10 – those who get up after 10 every morning. They were the backbone of the cab trade.

We worked hard, but some of these youngsters today they don't stop. They want houses, holidays in Spain, they don't sleep. I don't begrudge them. Getting their licence doesn't come easy and when they've got it they want to make the most of it, but they haven't nice healthy complexions like me. I've worked hard but I've kept my health which, as you must agree, is the main thing.

Naturally we had our regular fares and you'd get to know their eccentric ways. There was a gentleman (married to a well-known actress and related to a Lord, though I'd better not say which one) who never paid cabbies in the normal way. You'd set him down at his home, he'd go in the house, and a little later he'd drop the money out of a top win-

# LONELY AND THE CABBY WHOSE FARE FORGOT HIS WIFE

by HARRY ANDERSON:  
talking to Cordell Marks



In this week's *Callan* episode, *I Never Wanted the Job*, Lonely is again driving a taxi – though protesting to Callan (above).

In real life, Harry Anderson, 67, has been a taxi-driver for more than 40 years. He wouldn't have any other job

dow. There was one cabby, The Barrister, who said if he ever got him he'd have him. And sure enough he had the gentleman as a fare, took him home, and the money was dropped out the window. But The Barrister just stood there, and he stood there till morning with the clock ticking up. And that gent finally had to pay the full amount in the proper way.

They've all been in my cab: the Duke of Windsor (more than once), Charlie Chaplin, Jimmy Durante, who gave me the shock of my life because his nose was nowhere as big as they said it was, Jack Buchanan,

who was a gentleman . . . I could go on for ever.

And there's another story I can tell you. There was a madman knocking about London with a lump of iron, and for some reason he'd taken a dislike to cabbies and was hitting them with this iron. I'm going along Canning Town when I see him in the middle of the road complete with iron bar. I thought, right there's only one thing – run him down. I went straight for him and I'd nearly hit him when at the last second I saw it was a bloke from the Metropolitan Waterboard.

All cabbies get courting couples of course. I don't now because I don't do

nights. I used to. I didn't know what daylight looked like.

The couples we'd call cocks and hens. The man would say: "Cabby, just drive us anywhere." I'd usually go round Hyde Park. I went round 12 times one night. Looked back in the cab to see what was happening, and whatever it was had happened because they were both asleep.

One of the funniest stories that ever happened to me concerned a "couple," in a way. I got a 1a.m. order from the Café Royal and there was a gentleman, who'd been on the bottle and who wanted to go to Chingford in Essex. So off we went. I got him home, he invited me in, in his blurred way, and offered me a drink. I like a Scotch so in I went. I remember his home very well because it had a cocktail cabinet and that was the first time I'd seen one.

We had a few Scotches and then he went off to the bathroom. He was gone for about an hour and a half and I didn't like walking round a strange house so I had another Scotch and waited.

He was sober when he finally appeared. "Who the hell are you?" he said. "I'm your cabby, Guv," I said. "Brought you from London."

And with that he apologised. "I hope my wife's been looking after you," he said.

"No wife," I said, and then he went mad. I thought he was going to have a fit. I'll never forget it. It still makes me laugh. He'd left his wife at the Café Royal.

We drove all the way back and when husband and wife met, the row had to be seen to be believed. It was all patched up in the end and, you know, every year after that they sent me a Christmas card.

One of the first lessons I learned as a cabby was that you shouldn't be in too much of a rush. Always know what's going on. On the early cabs the mechanics had to lift up the floorboards to fill the batteries. And there was one cabby, the Hurry-Up Kid, who never had time to check anything in his cab. Never had time to say: "Good morning."

One morning he rushed out of the garage and the first fare was an old lady. Well, you can imagine what happened. There's a shout and there is the old lady, with her feet through the floorboards, trying to run fast enough to keep up with the speed of the cab. You shouldn't laugh, but you can't help it. That was a lesson to the Hurry-Up Kid, though. He always checked his cab after that. You've got to.

I don't think, really, when you come down to it, I'd have done anything but be a cabby. You meet a lot of people . . .



Harry Anderson:  
"They've all been in my cab . . . the Duke of Windsor, Charlie Chaplin . . ."



Callan has trouble getting a passport tonight, but the series could be a passport of sorts for Edward

Woodward. In September, Callan is to be made into a movie, with Woodward in the title role, and it could mean the beginning of a big star career in the cinema. Irving Allen, the film's producer, says: "He has something of Alan Ladd in him. He's more than that: he's Ladd and all the other greats packed into one." But that doesn't help Callan with his immediate problem, for the passport he wants is more difficult to obtain than a film contract — and could lead to a premature demise . . .

## 9.0 Callan

**EDWARD WOODWARD in  
The Carrier**

BY PETER HILL

with **RUSSELL HUNTER**  
**WILLIAM SQUIRE**  
and **ANTHONY VALENTINE**

When Callan finds himself once again out in the cold, he seeks a warmer climate.

But he discovers that going abroad is sometimes easier for the other side — until he works out their secret!

*Callan*  
*Lonely*  
*Peter Rose*  
*Hunter*  
*Liz, Hunter's sec.*  
*Meres*  
*P.C. Ballantine*  
*Sir Charles Braden*  
*Det.-Insp. Vanstone*  
*Chief Supt. Brown*  
*Tamaresh*  
*Immigration officer*  
*Mary*  
*Allan*  
*Chauffeur*  
*M.P. voice*

Edward Woodward  
Russell Hunter  
Peter Copley  
William Squire  
Lisa Langdon  
Anthony Valentine  
Terry Wright  
Jeffrey Segal  
Michael Turner  
Windsor Davies  
Ralph Nossek  
Brian Vaughan  
Jean Rogers  
Roy Herrick  
Marc Boyle  
Jay Neill

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN:  
DESIGNER NEVILLE GREEN: DIRECTOR  
JONATHAN ALWYN: PRODUCER  
REGINALD COLLIN

*Thames Television Production*



Charming but ruthlessly dedicated, Kristina is a woman marked down for death in Callan. Jane Lapotaire, who plays Kristina, was also marked down some time ago, but for a much happier future. Callan producer Reginald Collin saw her in an Old Vic production with Edward Woodward and decided she had just the talent for the series. So when the role of Kristina came up she was first choice.

## 9.0 Callan

**EDWARD WOODWARD in  
The Contract**

BY BILL CRAIG

with **RUSSELL HUNTER**  
**WILLIAM SQUIRE**  
**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

To stop an assassination plot, Callan poses as a hired gunman, knowing that the real assassin is close at hand.

*Maj. Harcourt*

*Callan*

*Vera*

*Lonely*

*Lafarge*

*Stepan*

*Kristina*

*Meres*

*Hunter*

Robert Urquhart

Edward Woodward

Bernadette Milnes

Russell Hunter

Michael Pennington

Hugh Morton

Jane Lapotaire

Anthony Valentine

William Squire

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN:

DESIGNER NEVILLE GREEN: DIRECTOR/

PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

*Thames Television Production*



9.0

The girl, the secret agent, and the hired killer's stock-in-trade, a rifle with telescopic sights ... All three have a date with destiny in a Soho restaurant. Jane Lapotaire and Edward Woodward in *The Contract*

# 9.0 Callan

**EDWARD WOODWARD in  
Call Me Enemy**

BY GEORGE MARKSTEIN  
with **RUSSELL HUNTER**  
**WILLIAM SQUIRE**  
**GEOFFREY CHATER**  
**ANTHONY VALENTINE**  
and guest **T. P. McKENNA**

The two top agents of the East and West – perhaps of the world – come face to face. And, like a game of chess, each move is considered and thought out . . . A boat I couldn't afford – pages 22 and 23.

*Callan*  
*Lonely*  
*Richmond*  
*Hunter*  
*Liz*  
*Engineer*  
*Jarrow*  
*Stafford*  
*Meres*  
*Bishop*

Edward Woodward  
Russell Hunter  
T. P. McKenna  
William Squire  
Lisa Langdon  
Charles Rea  
Brian Croucher  
Paul Williamson  
Anthony Valentine  
Geoffrey Chater

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN :  
DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL : DIRECTOR  
BILL BAIN : PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN  
*Thames Television Production*



**9.0**

What did you call me? McKenna and Woodward – East v. West in a deadly game





## TURNING POINT

We all have turning points in our lives. A time, a day when a decision is made or something occurs which changes our entire course of direction through life. Here Edward Woodward, dual-award winner in the *TVTimes* Top Ten poll for 1971—as best actor on television, and for his portrayal of Callan, as the most compulsive male character—looks back to his

**W**ELL, IT WASN'T Callan; although Callan has enhanced my career more than any single thing. No, the real turning point was a decision I made when I was sitting, miserable and depressed, on a clapped-out old cabin cruiser in the middle of the Thames just by Teddington Lock—not far from the riverside studios where, years later, I was to make *Callan*.

That decision led to my appearance in the West End production of *Rattle of a Simple Man*, and that play was to make me, at 32, a "name" in the public's eye.

*Rattle* was sent to me with a view to doing it at Richmond Rep. I know for a fact that it had been offered to a lot of other people before me. But for one reason or another it was turned down by them.

I was going through a pretty awful time. I'd been out of work for six or

**Secret agent turned singer . . . After the success of *Callan*, The Edward Woodward spectaculars**

seven months and I was at a very low ebb indeed.

The plan was to put *Rattle* on at Richmond for a fortnight and see what happened.

At this point director Donald McWhinnie came into the picture.

When we opened he was in America directing, but an associate of his was in the audience and after the show she wired him. Her advice was: "Take *Rattle of a Simple Man* into a London theatre."

After two weeks the play had been signed up to go into London's West End—and with me in the starring role, too.

What a wonderful contract to have. A starring part, the right time (I hoped)—a fantastic meaty part that was so right for me.

Then came the snag that nearly knocked the entire bottom out of it. I was to spend nearly the next year out of work . . .

They couldn't put the play on because their plays were stacked up like waiting airplanes at a busy airport.

# £5 DOWN . . . FOR A BOAT I COULDN'T AFFORD

**EDWARD WOODWARD**  
talking to  
**KEN ROCHE**

Of course it *would* go on, eventually. If I lasted long enough. In fact, the only thing that made me realise it was for real and not some fantasy were the scores of times I had to go to London to audition for all the other people who were auditioning for the female

lead. (Sheila Hancock was one—the one to do it in the end.)

So here I was in this ridiculous situation. I'd meet friends in town and they'd congratulate me on getting the part and so on. And I was practically starving!

The months went by, with no sign of *Rattle* going on, and I was seriously thinking of opting out of the contract and taking anything I could get.

Now anybody who's been out of work knows the awful depression of it all. It's grinding, it goes on and on just eating you away.

I'm always fascinated by people who don't *know* who talk about the scroungers and layabouts who are unemployed.

Everything goes. Your self-respect, the respect of other people. You feel dirty, unusable, used up and rotting.

It doesn't matter what age you are, but it's even worse in your early thirties, as I was—a time when you should be coming to your peak in whatever job you do.

So that was the frame of my mind.

Depression and melancholia almost to the point of sickness. If it hadn't been for my wife, Venetia, and the children I really don't know how I'd have got through it.

Then my wife came up with a great distraction. The kind of thing only a woman could think of in a situation like ours.

She pushed me into buying, of all things, a boat!

She said if I could spend some of my useless hours out on the river it would give me a bit of calmness and serenity. But imagine, buying a boat when we were in that state.

Mind you, it was no Burton's luxury yacht.

It was a very old, very worn cabin cruiser with an ancient Austin Seven engine which kept seizing up in mid-river.

It was going for £60, which we didn't have. So I did a deal with the owner—£5 down and the rest in dribs and drabs.

So there I was, out in that boat, in the midst of this dreadful period when I

knew I had to make up my mind. Do I stick it out until *Rattle* goes on? Or do I grab any job that's going?

I opted to stick. And that was my turning point.

Within a few weeks, it seems, I got a nice quick touring job which wouldn't affect *Rattle* and which kept our heads above water. And then—break-through!

I was offered the opportunity to take *Rattle*—to play in and direct—to South Africa for eight weeks, at £120 a week.

It was the biggest single sum of money I'd ever earned. And when I came back we went almost immediately into the West End, to the Garrick Theatre.

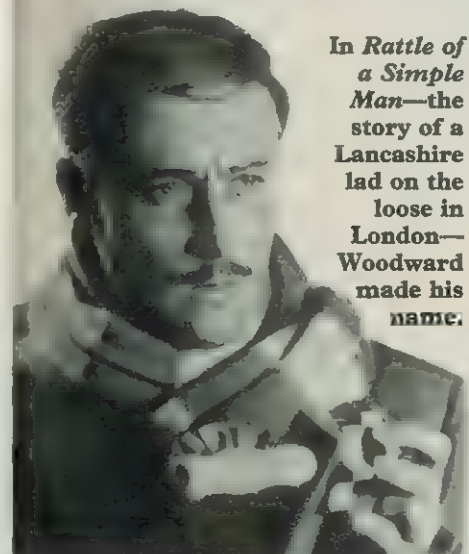
The play, Sheila and myself, got absolute rave notices. We couldn't have written them better ourselves. Sheila eventually won the *Evening Standard* best actress award for her part.

From there I played in it in America, where I stayed doing various work, including three Broadway plays, for three years. When I came back, for the first time in my life, I had a bit of money in the bank.

Then I did the Evelyn Waugh trilogy *Sword of Honour*, the National Theatre and other plays. Then along came *Callan*.

And it all stemmed from that turning point out on the boat I couldn't afford. Life's funny, isn't it?

**NEXT WEEK: Russell Hunter—Lonely—and his marriage.**



**In *Rattle of a Simple Man*—the story of a Lancashire lad on the loose in London—Woodward made his name.**



# 9.0 Callan

**EDWARD WOODWARD in  
Do You Recognise the  
Woman?**

BY BILL CRAIG

with **RUSSELL HUNTER**  
**WILLIAM SQUIRE**  
**GEOFFREY CHATER**  
**ANTHONY VALENTINE**  
and **T. P. McKENNA**

Richmond, on the run from the  
Section, fulfils his grim assignment  
and once again eludes Callan.

The man who's Lonely - see pages  
12 and 13.

*Norah*  
*Dowsett*  
*Richmond*  
*Meres*  
*Technician*  
*Hunter*  
*Bishop*  
*Callan*  
*Gladys*  
*Flo*  
*Prison officer*  
*Liz*  
*Lonely*

Sheila Fay  
John Moore  
T. P. McKenna  
Anthony Valentine  
Harry Walker  
William Squire  
Geoffrey Chater  
Edward Woodward  
Cheryl Hall  
Sarah Lawson  
Bella Emberg  
Lisa Langdon  
Russell Hunter

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN:  
DESIGNER MIKE HALL: DIRECTOR  
PETER DUGUID: PRODUCER REGINALD  
**COLLIN**

Thames Television Production



**9.0**

Callan gambles on attractive KGB agent Flo Mayhew leading him to  
his arch enemy Richmond - and loses his gun. Sarah Lawson and  
Edward Woodward getting to grips in *Do You Recognise the Woman?*

● If people begin to shy away  
from T. P. McKenna he can  
hardly be surprised! Tonight,  
he returns for his second guest  
appearance in *Callan* as the evil  
Richmond, while this afternoon  
he could be seen in *Downfall*,  
one of the *Tales of Edgar*  
*Wallace*, playing a homicidal  
maniac... Not type-casting  
we trust!



IN THE SUMMER of 1966, beautiful Caroline Blakiston met endearing Russell Hunter; he was Bottom, she was Helena, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Open-Air theatre, Regent's Park. They didn't so much as brush garments during the play, but he carried her off soon after. Now they have a son, Adam, nearly three, and a new baby daughter, Charlotte.

It was a good time for Hunter, that, meeting his favourite girl and playing one of his favourite parts. "His heart," says Lonely's wife, "is in those Shakespearian clowns." Shakespeare really got Russell Hunter going.

Hunter spoke good, broad Glasgow, "a kind of shorthand," he says, all R's and vowel sounds, when he was a loftsmen scriver in the John Brown shipyards. (He was a loftsmen scriver for six years, drawing up plans of ships in wood. It means he was qualified as a draughtsman and a carpenter.) Drama schools turned him down because they said he couldn't cope with his own accent. "I reacted by wanting to play Shake-

speare because that was, for me, the epitome of no-accent." But when he asked the Scottish repertory companies they fell off their chairs, and he slowly began to sour because he saw no future outside Scotland.

For years he soldiered on, writing his own scripts when, he says, he was stupid enough to want to be a red-nosed comic. "Looking back, that bit's an embarrassment. I made some very bad jokes. No, I won't tell any. Self-punishment like that shouldn't happen to anyone. Luckily, people still thought of me as a serious actor because I went back to the Citizens' Theatre, Glasgow, from time to time."

And then, Hunter's whole life changed. One night in Stornoway he was doing his drag act - high heels, balloon fronts and all - when Michael Elliott, who had directed him in an Irish play 10 months before, rang up to offer him a job with the Royal Shakespeare Company. At the R.S.C., Hunter was amazed and encouraged to find that so many fine actors had so many voices. "That was

the first time I realised you could assume an accent along with the costume and the physical characteristics. It all really started with O'Toole and Finney."

So he got going and he never looked back. He's toured abroad with the R.S.C., done his own one-man show, *Cocky*, and got about 13 million viewers hooked on smelly little Lonely.

The police seem hooked, too. Hunter, attending three police functions in two weeks, recently dined with the officers of H Division in London's East End. Hunter thinks Lonely's almost the only television crook who is really scared of prison, which endears him to the force.

His wife, Caroline, is hardly surprised at his success. She says he's clearly an actor. "He has an actor's face. Everyone knows it, of course, but it's an actor's face all right." In the cosy disarray of their purple and red sitting-room, surrounded by large paintings and small toys, she talks about her husband with an intense, heartening warmth.

She says that Hunter reckons his autobiography will go from the Gorbals to Debrett. That's because, says Caroline Blakiston with some simplicity, she supposes she's an aristocrat; her mother is a Russell of the Duke of Bedford's family. Caroline's husband, Russell, is a lad from the shipyards. Caroline has a privileged background. Her father, recently retired, was an archivist, an historical scholar. Before she went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art she had a very grand, high-powered, social job in New York. "I was as far removed from being an actress as you can imagine."

"But my parents aren't rich or special. They're rather bohemian, literate and cultured. So is Russell. He's read more than I have and he remembers what he's read because he didn't have an education. Not like me: I just did what everyone else did and I wasn't interested."

She's tall and has what's known as a strong face, so when she dyed her hair blonde for a part, casting directors poured her into the cool blonde mould and left her set there for ages. "I'm always surprised, because I know I'm tearful and my thing is to be looked after. I spent a large part of my grown-up life summoning enough courage to turn up at all. So I feel a little hurt when people say: 'I saw you play that bitch'." (Which is what they must all have said after her Marjorie Ferrar in *The Forsyte Saga* and her wonderful, drunken cameo in the film, *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*.)

"But then, vulnerability is not necessarily one of the first things you try to achieve. When you get older you realise vulnerability is beautiful. Russell is terribly vulnerable and has the courage to show it. All the ladies want to mother him and make him better, and I'm more and more convinced that's what everyone wants."

They brought to each other their

incredibly divided backgrounds and experience, including the good and bad of each. She says it largely makes their relationship. Stress signals are seldom shot up and who, in any case, doesn't shoot up distress signals? They laugh at the same funny men, Dick Emery and Frankie Howerd; they both believe in astrology.

"What Russell really values in people is humanity. He most admired his grandfather, a man of great spirit and moral strength. That's a classless thing. You admire people for their qualities."

To sense there is something extra to learn about a partner, that all veils have not been stripped away, is probably a marriage's best cement. Caroline Blakiston says she's learnt so much over the years. "The first shock of really living with someone is frightening after you've been a bachelor girl for ages. But it grows better and better, you learn more and more, your admiration increases; that's a first-rate basis for being together. Russell's very special and he gets more special as time goes on."

## THERE'S A LOT OF CLASS ABOUT THE MAN WHO'S LONELY

by ALIX COLEMAN

Russell Hunter - from shipyard worker to red-nosed comic, from comic to Shakespearian actor, from Shakespeare to *Callan's* Lonely. On the way, world tours, a one-man show and marriage to Caroline Blakiston, who has a background in *Debrett's Peerage*



The shipyard worker who became Lonely for Russell Hunter the wharves and cranes of Clydeside are memory lane.



Once, he spoke only "good, broad Glasgow". The Scot who took on Shakespeare and *Callan* still enjoys wearing the Hunter tartan.



Left: Russell Hunter aged six. Below: at home with his wife and children.

Aged 10—and growing



# 9.0 Callan

**EDWARD WOODWARD in  
A Man Like Me**

BY JAMES MITCHELL

with **RUSSELL HUNTER**

**WILLIAM SQUIRE**

**ANTHONY VALENTINE**

guest star **T. P. McKENNA**

The last episode in the present series brings a fitting climax to the running battle between Callan and Richmond.

They meet face to face.

**Where do all the Callans go? Pages  
14, 15**

*Hunter*

*Meres*

*Richmond*

*Harris*

*Caroline*

*Callan*

*Snell*

*Routledge*

*Mrs. Glover*

*Deane*

*Lonely*

*Bishop*

*Stafford*

*Liz*

*Security man*

**SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL:**

**STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN:**

**DESIGNER BILL PALMER: DIRECTOR/**

**PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN**

*Thames Television Production*

**William Squire**

**Anthony Valentine**

**T. P. McKenna**

**Robin Ellis**

**Belinda Carroll**

**Edward Woodward**

**Clifford Rose**

**Peter Sallis**

**Gwen Nelson**

**Stephen Whittaker**

**Russell Hunter**

**Geoffrey Chater**

**Paul Williamson**

**Lisa Langdon**

**Wally Thomas**



**9.0**

Computers in the world of Callan? It's all part of the running battle between him and Richmond. Checking the suspects' faces are Hunter (William Squire), Snell (Clifford Rose) and Routledge (Peter Sallis)



It's a shady world which doesn't advertise itself. Yet, occasionally, in a spy trial, or in the memoirs of a secret agent, the curtain is momentarily lifted. Then we may find that the tube station we use every day, the pub where we once drank or the park where we take the dog for a walk, is the backcloth to a real life cloak-and-dagger intrigue.

Spying doesn't really have its own manor, the way medicine has London's Harley Street, or fashion Bond Street. But equally well-known localities have often figured in spy dramas.

Doubtless any embryo Ian Fleming could be inspired by a stroll down Kensington Palace Gardens. There are those huge tell-tale radio aereals atop the Soviet and Czech Embassies, those barred windows, intriguing enough for any thriller-writer. And the unsmiling men who step out of the sleek black cars with diplomatic number plates add just the right touch.

Highgate, of course, must be at

the top of the list. It's the home of the Soviet Trade Mission which figured in the headlines not so long ago. But there's also Karl Marx's grave in Highgate Cemetery, a must for any self-respecting agent.

Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, shot in Moscow in the spring of 1963, after being convicted of spying for the West, made a bee-line there when he came to London. He even wrote a letter to the First Secretary of the Central Committee of The Communist Party complaining about the state of the grave. As a loyal Marxist he found such neglect appalling, and a reflection on Embassy staff in London whose job it was to look after such things. Penkovsky was commended for his "socialist vigilance", but that didn't save him from the firing squad.

One suspects that, whatever side they are working for, secret agents eat well. They often seem to use high class restaurants for meetings. Maybe high expenses are a compensation for low salaries.

Greville Wynne, the British businessman who was exchanged after being jailed for spying in

# WHERE DO ALL THE CALLANS GO?

Gourmets have their good-food guides. Doctors, lawyers, journalists, strip girls, photographers, bankers and even bespoke tailors have their special neighbourhoods . . . but where do the Callans of this world spend their work and leisure hours?



Callan story editor, GEORGE MARKSTEIN, conducts you on a spy tour of London . . .

Gordon Lonsdale had a flat in Albany Street, London.

Opposite the Old Vic in Waterloo Road, London, Lonsdale and his accomplices were arrested.

The tree in Duchess of Bedford's Walk, London, on which Vassall drew a pink chalk circle

The Krogers' home at Ruislip, Middlesex; a K.G.B. spy station.

In the Ivy Restaurant, West Street, London, Greville Wynne was recruited.

The Soviet Embassy, Kensington Palace Gardens, London: tell-tale radio aerial and barred windows.

Karl Marx's grave in Highgate Cemetery — a must for any self-respecting Russian spy.

The Spotted Horse Putney, London, where Klaus Fuchs met his Russian contact.

Hood House, Dolphin Square, London. Home of William John Vassall, Admiralty Spy.



GORDON LONSDALE

Gordon Lonsdale, Russian master-spy, died two years ago, aged 44.

In 1961 he was sentenced to 25 years for running the Portland Spy Ring. Also sentenced: Peter and Helen Kroger, each receiving 20 years. Three years later, Lonsdale was free — swapped with the Rus-

sians for Greville Wynne. Lonsdale's real name was Konon Trofimovich Molody. To the Russian Intelligence Service he was Colonel K.

Early in his career he worked in Germany with master-spy Rudolph Abels, and again in America. Abels set the pattern for Lonsdale's own release when he was swapped for the American spy-pilot Gary Powers.

Gordon Lonsdale wrote his autobiography *Spy* in 1965.



PETER AND HELEN KROGER

Peter and Helen Kroger were probably the best-known husband and wife spy team. Jailed for 20 years for their part in the Portland

Spy Ring, they, in fact, served only eight and a half years — swapped in 1969 for British lecturer Gerald Brooke, who had been imprisoned on anti-Soviet propaganda charges.

They are now living in America where they were born. They lived there under the name of Cohen. The Krogers brought spying to the suburbs — operating from Ruislip, Middlesex. Peter Kroger told fellow prisoners while in jail: "We will never serve the sentence . . ."



GREVILLE WYNNE

Greville Wynne, now 51, was the British spy who caused a sen-

sation in 1962, when he decided to plead guilty to espionage in Russia.

He was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment but was freed after serving only 18 months at Moscow's notorious Lubianka Jail.

Always giving the appearance of a successful businessman, Wynne was released in exchange for Russian master-spy Gordon Lonsdale and was last reported to be settled semi-permanently in Malta, where he is one of a development syndicate.

Wynne was married for the second time in August, 1970, at Kensington Register Office to his 27-year-old secretary, Dutch born Johanna van Buren, whom he met in Brussels in 1964.



DR. KLAUS FUCHS

Dr. Klaus Fuchs, the refugee who fled to Britain and then gave

its atomic secrets to Russia, was one of the first post-World War Two spies. He was sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment in 1950, but released in 1959. He was 60 years old last December.



WILLIAM JOHN VASSALL

William John Vassall, now in his mid-40s, pleaded guilty to charges,

under the Official Secrets Act in 1962, of selling secrets to Russia while he was an Admiralty clerk.

At present in Maidstone Prison, he is likely to be paroled in October, although sentenced to 18 years.

Russia, recalls that he was first recruited by Intelligence in the Ivy Restaurant, West Street, London. "It was," he wrote afterwards, "an excellent lunch."

Few people who pass the Rubens Hotel in Buckingham Palace Road, London, are aware that it has historic links with M.I.5. It was in this hotel, in World War One, that Major General Sir Vernon Kell, the man who formed the Military Intelligence department, had his headquarters. Kell, who stayed in charge of the service until 1940, became a legendary figure.

The fictional Callan is supposed to have lived for some time in a shabby basement flat in Islington, but two real-life spies did rather better for themselves.

Gordon Lonsdale, the K.G.B. (Soviet Secret Service) colonel who master-minded the Portland Spy Ring, had a comfortable flat on the sixth floor of the elegant White House in Albany Street. No one suspected that flat 634 contained a treasure trove of spy gear, including codes, microdots, radio equipment.

Just as no one guessed that such a

pleasant suburban house as 45 Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex, the home of Peter and Helen Kroger was a K.G.B. spy station.

A plane tree in London's Duchess of Bedford's Walk was a meeting place for William John Vassall, the Admiralty spy. He had to draw a pink, chalk circle on the trunk as a signal. Vassall lived in style in an eighth-floor flat in Hood House, Dolphin Square.

Despite the attractions of the flashy West End restaurant, the local pub can be part of the spy scene. Atom traitor Klaus Fuchs was instructed to meet his Russian contact at the Nag's Head in Wood Green. Fuchs had to carry a copy of *Tribune*, the weekly magazine, and the Russian a red book (no Peking influence here, it was before the *Thoughts of Mao*). Another meeting place for Fuchs and the Soviet agent was in the Spotted Horse in Putney High Street.

When atom scientist Alan Nunn May was handing over information, his Moscow spy-controllers were quite specific where in the streets of London he should meet his contact:

"In front of the British Museum in Great Russell Street, at the opposite side of the street, about

Museum Street, from the opposite side of Tottenham Court Road . . . the contact man walks from the opposite side, Southampton Row."

The contact man's password, ordered Moscow, was to be: "What is the shortest way to the Strand?"

Which makes it pretty obvious that a London street atlas was on the desk of the K.G.B. at most times.

Open spaces also have their attractions for the spy world. For nearly two months, our agents staked out St George's Park, Wandsworth, and after much patient waiting caught a second secretary of the Soviet Embassy, Pavel Kuznetsov, redhanded as he was handed a piece of paper by a Civil Servant.

The Falcon public house in Wardour Street played a big role in cracking the Portland Spy Ring. It was from an upstairs window in this pub that security men kept watch on the pin-table business, opposite, run by master-spy Lonsdale.

And a deed box Lonsdale kept at his bank in Great Portland Street yielded some vital information during the big investigation.

It was in Waterloo Road, just opposite the Old Vic, that Lonsdale and his accomplices were finally arrested, after having been

trailed from platform 14 at Waterloo Station.

One of Germany's top spies, Julius Silber, lived in a one-roomed flat in Charing Cross Road.

"Not precisely of the best class, but certainly clean, comfortable and ideally situated," he said of it.

The flat was at the corner of Cambridge Circus and here, for four years in World War One, Silber lived while supplying Germany with a flow of top secret information — and was never caught.

If ever they did publish a Good Spy Guide, it would be a long book. It would list night-clubs and bars, hotels and restaurants, garages and phone booths, parks and cinemas, concert halls and cemeteries, art galleries and department stores, railway stations and airports.

The point is that the spy's London is really anywhere.



# CALLAN CAUSES CONFUSION

PLEASE issue us with a *Callan* plan, because sorting out who is who -- and explaining it to Grandma afterwards -- is a task that even Hunter Callan would not relish.

As I see it, David Callan, lately code-named Hunter, has been using Lonely in the mobile communications facility, with the help of Cross and Meres, to track down the nasties, but Kitzlinger and Kessler might not, or then again they might, sell a deal.

It depends on a certain page of *War and Peace*, but watch out for Bishop and Bristac, who lead old Callan (sorry, Hunter) a bit of a double dance. Moss and Crere, with the help of Paloney, got Bunter in a bit of a tizzy because -- get this! -- Wressler and Gunslinger miss out with the pages, and the names are not known.

But don't ever leave the TV for one minute because Bishop may checkmate. And that's just *one* recent episode.

Truloski Virolovosovich  
alias R. P. SMITH  
Scarborough, Yorks.

Producer Reginald Collin appreciates the difficulty: "A newspaper critic once said that if you blink once, the chances are you'll miss something."

But, as he points out, a full plan to the *Callan* series would give the entire game away. "We don't go out of our way to make the plots complicated," he says, "but we want to be truthful, and truth is never easy to follow.

"We also try to make each episode a self-contained story on its own, but there is an overall plot that must be followed -- *Callan's* experiences in Hunter's chair -- and we do tend to cross-relate our characters for those who have watched the previous series.

"We spend a lot of time, in fact, simplifying the scripts but, if you are a bit tied up at the moment, please bear with us -- it will all sort itself out in the end."

## A man with a mustache, wearing a brown jacket and dark trousers, is standing in a garden. He is holding a young girl who is wearing a blue top and a patterned skirt. They are both looking down at a small, light-colored dog that is standing on its hind legs, facing them. The background is a dense, leafy hedge or wall. The image has a vintage, slightly grainy quality.

**Callan off-duty: Woodward relaxes at home with nine-year-old Sarah.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RON MCFARLANE

# FACT FILE

← to get my autograph! Sarah and the boys are very critical of me, and take the mickey on every possible occasion.

"Tim, my nineteen-year-old son, is an Assistant Stage Manager at Richmond Repertory Theatre and will soon take his R.A.D.A. examination. I suppose it *may* be some help to him to be my son, but I think he sometimes worries that he may be offered work on that account—and not because of his own talents.

"If ever I have the chance, I'd like to do a children's TV series on a really big scale. It would be about two children who travel all over the world—maybe with a diplomat father—and get to know the people in the countries they visit. They wouldn't have hair-raising adventures all the time, but the programme would really get to the heart of each country, what makes its people tick . . . it might do a bit for international understanding. Of course, it would be fearfully expensive to make . . ."

## SECRET OF SUCCESS

Woodward, whose long climb to fame began at R.A.D.A. way back in 1946,



It looks as if the down-trodden Lonely (Russell Hunter) is defying Callan (Edward Woodward) for once! In the present 'Callan' Series, Lonely has a 'cover' job as a cab driver.

And he's really very good—and so is his sixteen-year-old brother Richard, who is also determined on a theatre career.

"Sarah? Yes, she's already decided that she's going to be an actress. She'll be happy I'm being interviewed for a comic: she likes reading them—and I'm glad of it. Good comics widen the imagination, as well as providing knowledge in an entertaining way. Like good television programmes—and I think that British children's television is the best in the world. People like the *Magpie* team know their audience and don't try to 'talk down' to them.

should be well qualified to explain the secret of success in the acting profession. But he says: "There is no secret . . . no easy answer. Anybody who wants to act should remember that the actors we see on our television screens, making it all look so easy, are the successful ones—and a large proportion of the profession is out of work most of the time. It can be the hardest of hard work: you've got to *want* it desperately, all the time—and you've got to be sure that when you're sixty years old, you'll still want to be an actor as much as you did when you were six, sixteen or twenty-six."



## CALLAN'S BACK IN BUSINESS

CALLAN, once Britain's most popular secret agent, is making a comeback. This Tuesday the *Callan* feature film is shown on ITV and this Wednesday work starts on a one-off 90min. play featuring the defiant anti-hero.

Intriguingly entitled *Wet Job* it once again teams Edward Woodward (left) as Callan with Russell Hunter as Lonely, the seedy small-time crook whom Callan uses as an informant.

James Mitchell, who created the *Callan* series which ran on ITV from 1967-73, has written the story, which is being produced and directed for ATV by Shaun O'Riordan.

Now fatter and slower, Callan has retired from spying and has settled down to live with a woman. He owns a shop and is enjoying the quiet life when something from the past draws him back into a dangerous adventure. "Wet job" is slang for just such a tough assignment.

Says O'Riordan: "The story looks at how a middle-aged man can cope with being thrown back into the violent world of spying. I think the script is so good that somebody may ask if a new series is possible."

And that's a definite possibility. Both its stars have fond memories of the series.



## TUESDAY

EVENING Callan Edward Woodward, Eric Porter, Catherine Schell, Carl Moberg, Peter Egan 1974 First television showing for what is perhaps the best television spin off film to date James Mitchell goes back to his own first novel about Callan A Red Tide for Callan in the storyline, and Don Sharp tautly-strung direction especially efficient in a marathon car chase and Edward Woodward's intensely convincing performance do the rest A new Callan film, made especially for television it currently in production with Edward Woodward returning to the role that made him famous is Inside Television.



Edward Woodward  
as Callan  
in a  
dandy sin

# CALLAN

7.30

EDWARD WOODWARD ERIC PORTER

A brilliant shot, good with a knife, and a knife expert David Callan is a former member of a British Government section concerned with the elimination of "undesirables". But there came a time when he was removed to a routine desk job because his chief, Hunter, decided he was a problem by developing a conscience.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, Hunter summons Callan. He wants him to kill a German businessman named Schneider—quickly.

See film guide, page 26

Callan

Hunter

Schneider

Jenny

Murat

Lovely

Waterman

The Greek

Hunter's secretary

Sam

Arthur

George

Edward Woodward

Eric Porter

Carl Mohner

CLIFFORD ROSE

Peter Egan

Russell Hunter

Kenneth Griffiths

Michael De Coya

Veronica Lang

Clifford Rose

David Prowse

Don Henderson

SCREENPLAY JAMES MITCHELL

DIRECTOR DON SHARP

# Comeback of a killer

by Jane Eavis



**C**ALLAN, British Secret Service mission and television anti hero of the Seventies, was not a nice man. Actor Edward Woodward, who breathed life into the character, says: "He was a fascinating person, but I always disliked him. He was ruthless and cruel with a streak of ghastly acrobaticity."

Now 10 years after his demise, the killer makes a comeback in the 90-minute play *Callan*, on Wednesday. But unlike the James Bond-style speculators, we find that Callan has not learned the secret of eternal youth. He is older, slower, shortening, grey-haired and has a slight pouch.

Woodward, now aged 51, remembers being pizazzed to see the back of Callan 10 years ago. His feelings towards the character were something like those of Doctor Frankenstein towards his monster.

"I was a marvellous part, but I felt that it might destroy me in the end. Wherever I went, people would refer to me as Callan. It worried me terribly at the time."

We made about 40 episodes of Callan and deliberately spread the series out over five years. I wasn't greedy and I made sure that instead of crunching all the series together I did lots of other good parts in between.

"But Callan was such a strong character that people seemed to think it was the only part I'd ever played. I was extremely annoying. After all, I'd been running my living as an actor for 20 years before Callan came along."

What Callan did do for Woodward was give him national recognition. It was the right part in the right place at the right time, he says. For an actor that's like winning the pools. It was so beautifully written, I would have had to be a bad actor or an idiot to go

**Double-take:**  
Callan  
(Edward  
Woodward) as  
he was, and  
with his  
childlike  
Lonely  
(Ronald  
Hester) in the  
play *Callan*.



wrong, and I'm neither of those. Along with public recognition came public censure and, when Woodward left his wife's career to live with 35-year-old actress Michelle Dretzke, he found that same can have drawbacks. Many moves the couple made were reported in the Press and they were chased by photographers.

"We became so sick of it that I now refuse to talk to the Press about our relationship."

Since *Callan*, Woodward has never been short of work, and some outstanding performances in the theatre and on film have confirmed his position among the leading British actors. Now he feels he is strong enough to raise the *Callan* ghost.

He says: "After all, I'm only doing a one-off play and I have often thought it would be fascinating to find out what has happened to a man like me 10 years on."

On Wednesday viewers will see that Callan has retired from the Secret Service and is calling himself David Tucker. He has a new business, a shop called The Old Brigade specialising in military uniforms and equipment, a new mistress and a kind of middle-aged contentment.

A call summoning him to headquarters

brings him out of retirement for one last job. He tries to persuade his old accomplice Lonnie (Ronald Hester) to help him, but Lonnie refuses because he is going straight running his own business called Fresh and Fragrant Bathrooms (Installations).

Eventually, Callan copes with the situation like the ruthless professional he always was and we find that, under the civilized veneer, he has changed little.

Woodward says: "People don't change much. I haven't altered a great deal in the past 10 years. Of course, Michelle has made a big difference to my life. I now have several children, who were still at school when I first played Callan, are now grown up. The boys, Tim and Peter, are actors now and Sarah is about to start at RADA. But I'm still the same man. I still believe in the same things, laugh at the same jokes."

Those who know Woodward well say he must have mellowed rather than he used to be.

I used to be a chronic worrier, he says, but I'm pizazzed to say that I've now often done it as a major pastime. These days,

Illustration by Graham Turner

If I'm faced with a big problem, I get my rock collection and gaze at a beautiful stone that has been around for five million years and will probably be around for another five million. Then I ask myself: "Why should I worry?"

A few weeks ago, Edward Woodward watched his performance in an old *Callan* episode. A grizzled, bespectacled Callan (1980 version) saw the younger put-up with his steady eyes and razor smile leap athletically into danger.

He shook his head, reflectively. "Nobody was ever that young."

8.30

There's so much  
thing as a quiet  
life. Not when  
you're a retired  
secret service agent  
by the name of  
Callan (Edward  
Woodward). The  
old master finds  
himself back in the  
dirty and dangerous  
spy world once  
again this evening.



## 8.30 Callan... Wet Job

BY JAMES M. CHILL

**EDWARD WOODWARD**  
**RUSSELL HUNTER**  
**GEORGE SEWELL**  
**ANGELA BROWNE**

Ten years after his last mission secret service agent Callan, now a dealer in militaria with his own shop, is pressed out of retirement on another assignment.

To Margaret, Callan's past is part of his charm. But to Callan himself it is a permanent threat—especially when he receives a telephone call from Charlie. The memoirs of an ex MP could prove very embarrassing.

**Comeback of a killer: see page 12**

*Callan*  
*Lanels*  
*Haggerty*  
*Margaret*  
*Lucy*  
*Hunter*  
*Flower*  
*Dobrowsky*  
*Kydder*

**Edward Woodward**  
**Russell Hunter**  
**George Sewell**  
**Angela Browne**  
**Heien Bourne**  
**Hugh Walters**  
**Anthony Veece**  
**Mika Karkk**  
**Donald Houth**

*Yebb*  
*Pardon*  
*Cawthorne*  
*Mrs Radlett*  
*Robin Miller*  
*Tom*  
*Lia*  
*Young Man*

**Philip Burd**  
**Gordon Kane**  
**David Cann**  
**Jonie Kidd**  
**Jeremy Gittum**  
**Paul Manikun**  
**Felicity Harthorn**  
**Mark Draper**

DESIGNER DAVID CHANDLER PRODUCER

DIRECTOR SHAUN O'BRIEN

ATV Network Production



## DOUBLE AGENTS

1.0: Cohen, out of character. Singing, dancing. His  
hour of friendly perven-  
ence. 2.0: Marker is  
character and very  
much still clothing.



# 8.0 The Edward Woodward Hour

BY IAN MITCHELLMAN

WITH GUESTS BERYL REID

PATRICK CARGILL NINA

RUSSELL HUNTER

Natasha Pyne

Ann Holloway Dany Clare

For those who think of Edward Woodward only as Callan, the next hour or so should come as a surprise. He rings with musical director Geoff Love and his concert orchestra supplying the backing. And he closes joining guests Beryl Reid and Patrick Cargill in sketches including a confrontation between Callan and the father of Father Dear Father written by Johnnie Mortimer and Brian Cooke and directed by William G. Stewart. Peter Robinson is responsible for the script of "The Burglar" sketch.

MUSIC ARRANGED AND HARRISON

DESIGNED PATRICK DRYMOND

ASSOCIATE PRODUCED DAVID CLARE

DIRECTOR/PRODUCER REGINALD

COLLIN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

PHILIP JAMES

Thames Television Production



Callan, faultlessly disguised as Edward Woodward, keeps up the pretence for an hour

10.15



# 10.15 Another Edward Woodward Hour

GUESTS MARGARET LOCKWOOD  
PETER JONES

JULIA LOCKWOOD

RUSSELL HUNTER

Geoff Love and his Orchestra

Earlier this year, Edward Woodward left counter-espionage man David Callan at home and starred in his own hour of music and comedy.

It was so successful that the decision was taken to give Callan Christmas leave and produce another 60 minutes of Edward Woodward and his guests.

In addition to singing, Edward will be joined by Peter Jones and Russell "Lamely" Hunter in comedy sketches and by star of film and television, Margaret Lockwood, taking a break from her Justice series. Margaret's actress daughter Jane, completes the guest list in the role of singer.

Geoff Love and his Orchestra ensure highest standard musical backing so sit back and relax with not a spy in sight!

The script is by Eric Merriman and music associate is Sid Lucas.

The many lives of Callan - see pages 92, 93, 95

MUSIC DIRECTOR GEOFF LOVE

DESIGNER NORMAN GARWOOD DIRECTOR

PHILIP FRATER KIDS EDITOR

REGINALD COLLIN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

PHILIP JONES

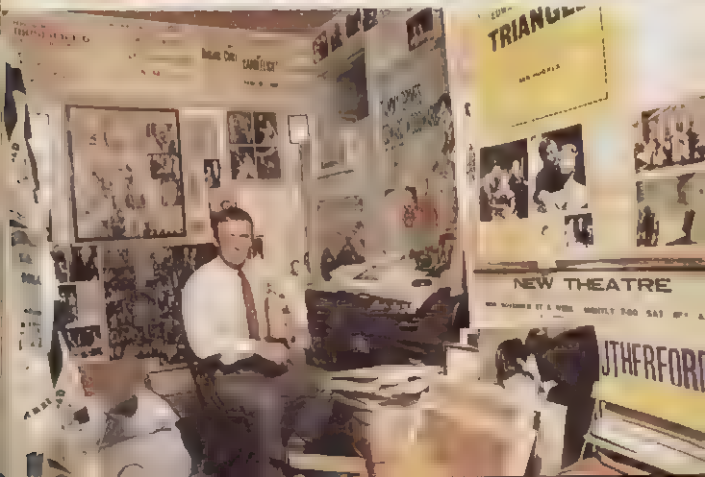
Thames Television Production



## tilted at 18

# The

There is more to Edward Woodward than Day. But what is it we secretly seem to like about him? It seems he possesses a quality that makes us like him: the man who plays him? Here, in the end, is a more accurate self-assessment. Bu-

[illegible][illegible]



# Callan *continued*

she was a very recitent woman. So much so that years after when she was approached to appear on TV when Eamonn Andrews pulled a 'This is Your Life' on me she refused to appear. She felt it was nothing to do with her and she'd be intruding.

I have often thought that her own shyness was one of the reasons she particularly helped me at school. I was why I was hardly communicative sometimes, and she was quick to recognise the difficulties I had. She helped me to ask to converse to relax more with people. She instilled in me an attitude for acting without necessarily pushing me towards it. She taught English music and drama and I started doing school plays more as a therapy for my shyness.

I still keep in touch with Mrs. King and I look upon her as a friend.

It was a bit difficult for other teachers take because I was always regarded as her favourite and frankly at the time I was a bit worried about that.

But now when I can look back and get it into its proper perspective, I realise that Sir had a very special knack of being a good educationist. It wasn't only me, either. There were several people at me when he helped through the difficulty of communication.

There was another woman who did a lot for me that was Marion Renner at Kings-on Commercial College where I was from about 14 to 16.

You know I've got to go to a school a sidekick here. The very process of recalling things has going to school and dropping up one's childhood has actually made me realise why I could never become big-headed even though I'm supposed to be great. Every one knows it is so necessary to be humble. But his views and attitudes of music like Mrs. King's and Marion Renner's are not.

When you go back to an old school to give away the prizes as I did to give you a return to an old rep company you worked for you realise the complete impotence of yourself as well of humanity. The performance if you like, of everything else but yourself.

There's one old school for instance. It was before I was born and will always be such to them after I'm dead. The education system will still be going in. The theatre that was still before you first rep to me in a regular will still be there when there's a memorial plaque to you in a local library.

Every year when I will run into slimmers of insight like this. I think God will be because for me at any rate it helps so much to keep things in perspective.

I didn't know as my shyness but rather like how much a lot of the



AGED 10 ABOVE, 11 UNDER AND 17, WITH HIS MOTHER (TOP). THE VERY PROCESS OF RECALLING THINGS I COULD NEVER BE BIG-HEADED

from me. I. Mrs. King communicated to me her own enthusiasm for the theatre and at the arts and Mrs. Renner who had gained practical experience as an actress - was the first to actually suggest that I become an actor.

I think I'd thought about being an actor. But how do you become an actor? I had, I'm usually suggested to myself that I would be a journalist. My thoughts about being an actor were pure pipe-dream stuff. Even though I was an avid radio-play listener.

At 16 Renner pointed it out to me. "Why try and be a journalist when you've the makings of an actor. Let's be honest. You're not very good at shorthand, your typing isn't all that hot. You know nothing about real journalism and you've got a flair for acting."

Thus armed, I set out, with this kind of enthusiasm for and interest in me, I applied for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art examination.

I suppose I automatically assumed that when I left school I should go out and earn some kind of living. If I passed the R.A.D.A. audition I would not only have my fees paid for me, but also have a grant of about the same amount I could expect to earn in commerce.

But I had to wait for the result and for about five months I worked for

a sanitary engineer in Honeysuckle Road, London, as a junior clerk pretending to know shorthand and struggling through with typing at 40 words a minute. They gave me £2.10s a week. It's the only work I've ever done outside the theatre.

When I passed my R.A.D.A. entrance, my fees were paid and I was given a grant of £2.10s a week. At 16-plus I later learned that up until that time - was the youngest male student to go into the Royal Academy.

To be in something I was beginning to feel at home with and getting 50 bob a week - was a lot to my parents. Was good going at that time. It was many years before I was as well off as in those days.

My first real repertory work was at Farnham, during my R.A.D.A. days. It was on a shares basis. We didn't get any money other than a piece of what came in. The best week I think I got £3. The work was a total half penny for our production of *Utopia*. Imagine that a half penny for a week's work. I've still got that to be honest, as I suppose you could say I was never really broke.

Then came a Grand Tour of Europe. That was for a touring repertory which was to play all over England and the Continent.

We went to King's Lynn then on to the old King's Theatre, Hammer Smith, and that was the end of my

of the Grand Tour and I was out of work. The first big theatrical smash in my life.

A big friend of mine on that gig was Harry Towse, newly met from Ireland. We became very friendly in the three months of rehearsal before the world-shattering in and out time. I asked my mother if Harry could move in with us so he could escape from the poverty that he was in.

Altogether I did a straight run of eight years in rep. During that time I was always lucky. I was rarely out of work for more than a week or two. I didn't earn much money but I was never out of work as was a stage before went through the dingy months before go through which is often seen, not even every few months after months after months.

But I did get one awful rejection. As I went to join Perth Repertory Theatre which had a pretty strong cast it would cost a lot to get them all together some days. There were performers such as Sarah Lawson, Donald Pleasence, Richard Johnson and Graham Stark.

But this wasn't on my mind when I arrived as an eager teenager. It was a beautiful bracket to be in company. A girl called Margaret.

This was my first big, adult love affair. I saved hard and we became engaged. I spent the vast sum of £25 on an engagement ring. I got it through a friend in the trade as it was cheaper than it might have been. I even wrote and bought my first piece of furniture designed. Building a nest already in an 18-year-old rep at it.

It's odd enough these days then it was ludicrous.

But I went to a second-hand shop and bought this beautiful French Empire chair longue and a chair to match for £14.0s. They are beautifully shaped and designed, very smart and I have them in my front hall to this day.

I must have bought that if it falls through I could always keep the furniture.

Of course it did fall through. She was very pretty, very sweet and a delightful woman. But she decided she had had enough of acting and wanted to leave the theatre.

Frankly when you are dealing with two people of the age we were, when one of you gives up what is essentially a way of life then you have to sever all connections completely. Her parents obviously pointed this out to her and I knew I had to agree.

I got £100 back of the ring and making of the chair and the matching hair in paper and string. I came back from Perth to London. I returned in the rep company there a little later which was a strange experience. Going back and the not being there any more. I can be a hard time to live sometimes.

NEXT WEEK: India and Pseudonym. Media and love. And marriage.

# MY STORY-BY EDWARD WOODWARD

## Part Two

Edward Woodward last week described how, as a child, he narrowly escaped death from a flying bomb, how he went on to win a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and how his first big love affair happened. Telling his life story to KEN ROCHE, he had reached his early days of repertory and the age of 19. But soon he was to be facing death again, in India . . . and starting his last great love affair

## 'Are you going to marry me or not?'



THE MANAGER of the little Scottish village hall shambled on to the stage, scratched his stomach and solemnly addressed the audience:

Now listen, you. Tonight we're going to 'ave a show here. It's by William Shakespeare an it's called *Othello*, or something like that. Now if any of you want to leave the room to go to the lavatory, I suggest you do it in the interval. I don't want any noise or any carrying on. I definitely don't want any carrying on, d'ye hear? This performance has come a long way and I want you all to hush to it. It's very, very good stuff. So let's have no sound or all d'ye hear?

Beckatage, crossed with laughter, I thought. 'No sound! That's charming. Especially during the comedy bits!

The same chap, all with the best of intentions, staggered out in front of us during the first act and started pumping up the lamps that were acting as footlights. And he did it another five times during



the performance that evening. It's learning your craft under those conditions that help you put up with anything. If, after a few years in repertory, you haven't learnt an awful lot, then you might just as well give it up.

I remember one terrifying time we spent at *Sternaway*, in the Outer Hebrides. We crossed in the boat and arrived at about eleven thirty on Saturday night. What we didn't know was that at the stroke of midnight everything stopped. Including the crane that packed up our crate of scenery and costumes.

For the whole of Sunday it poured with rain and we'd look out of the windows at the crane watching our gear get wringing wet.

Repertory, of course, is full of this sort of thing. So it wasn't so hard for most actors when live television plays began, for once the play's started you cannot stop. If the scenery falls over or the microphone clogs the leading lady under the chin—the show has to go on.

**A**FTER Perth, I was out of work for about a month and was getting worried when an actor friend of mine, Alan Wilson, rang to tell me there was a job going in a company which was to tour India. He said they wanted a good Cassio. The man running the company lived in Golders Green, London, and I went to see him. He hired me on the spot.

Rehearsals were in a ghastly church hall in Putney, but as far as I was concerned it was the Garden of Eden. Because in the cast was this gorgeous girl called Venetia and instantly I fell heavily in love with her—and haven't changed from that day to this.

She was pretty and blonde and seemed very confident somehow. I knew she had had a lot more acting experience than most of us, but what I didn't learn until much later was that she was really very nervous indeed. She seemed hardly to notice me.

# MY STORY BY FREDERICK WOODWARD

Continued



As Madras in Ceylon in 1951

and my rejection felt total when she started going out regularly with my friend Alan Wilson, who had got me the job originally.

The boat trip to India was all work. We spent all our time rehearsing and in the end the captain let us use the bridge, to keep us out of the way.

That tour was an incredible experience. My pay was \$5 a week with full board—except sometimes there wasn't any board and several times we were left stranded. It was all contrasts. In one town we'd live like rajahs with our own servants in palatial spartan mansions. In the next we'd find ourselves in squalor.

We were there for more than a year, doing shows for every kind of audience. We did a great deal at Indian Army posts. One night Pandit Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, came to see us and invited us all home to dinner.

But the beauty and the squalor of the country was completely overshadowed by the prize thing on my mind: Venetia.

After about a month I proposed to her. I'll never forget the day because I had fallen down a hole in the garden and it turned out to be a sewer. . . I spent hours under a shower trying to wash off the smell. I'm sure I didn't get rid of it entirely, in spite of all the



The Woodwards today They started married life on E28—a present from his parents

lotions and potions I used on myself.

My proposal was literally with all the trimmings. The background of the Taj Mahal, moonlight, fragrant warm breezes, the lot.

She tells me that the proposal was a gem of lyricism. But I hadn't rehearsed it. I simply told her that I loved her to distraction and wanted more than anything in the world to marry her.

She didn't say anything while I was going on. She just sat there completely quiet. When I'd finished she gave me a light peck

on the cheek and walked away back to the bungalow.

I raced after her and started going into another proposal all over again. She stopped me, said 'no,' and said that, at best, it would take her a long time to think about it.

So the days, the weeks and the towns went by. All the time Venetia managed to stay good friends with me without really encouraging my hopes.

Sometimes I'd find myself vivid with jealousy, especially when the men at a fresh town would cluster

round her. It took illness to turn the entire affair into a realization for both of us that we genuinely cared for each other.

I woke up one morning with a sharp pain in my chest and shivering uncontrollably. For the first time I missed a performance—I was down with paratyphoid fever.

Throughout all the dreadful time that was to follow, Venetia looked after me. She nursed me and helped me through the worst moments.

The big problem was that we never stayed long enough any-

## "Sometimes I'd find myself wild with jealousy when other men clustered round"



Woodward describes his tour of India as "an incredible experience" Above: sightseeing by bicycle, five miles from Poona, in Bombay



"Ma doing my Samson bit holding up a temple near Madras" another light-hearted "snap" from Woodward's photographic record

where for me to get really well again. And I was determined to stay with the company. I also felt so bad that I was convinced I was dying and the last thing I wanted was for my young bones to be buried in India!

I was left behind once and spent two weeks in a hospital. Then again I discharged myself too quickly and caught up with the rest in Calcutta.

We found a doctor who supplied me with black market penicillin and other drugs. The cost of the drugs completely ate up my £3 a week and it was only because the rest of the company chipped in, that I was able to get treatment at all.

Every night Venetia returned from the theatre and nursed me. But things couldn't go on like that. No one could go on with that kind of sickness.

Finally matters came to a head in the big steel town of Tatanagar in Northern India. There was a superb modern hospital and I was staying with one of the chief surgeons.

I had felt very odd during the first day we were there. At dinner that night my host suddenly got up, came around the table and whispered "Excuse me, would you come with me."

He examined me in another room and said I had relapsed back

into paratyphoid. He immediately had me admitted to the hospital.

The tour was by now nearly over and I was finally starting to feel better than I had for months. And what happens? The day before I am due to leave hospital there is a new admission to the ward next to mine Venetia. She had collapsed with a fever and exhaustion — probably mainly brought on by the strain of looking after me.

I certainly wasn't going to leave her there alone, but fortunately her fever was a mild one and the pair of us, tottering convalescents, trod carefully up the gangplank for the journey home.

With no work to do, we had a good rest on the voyage, sailing back as we were to unemployment.

Back home again I once more asked Venetia to marry me.

We were sitting in my family's garden when almost without thinking I said "Have you made up your mind whether you're going to marry me or not?"

"Yes, of course I am," she said.

I gave a great yell and rushed in to tell my parents. My mother said "You're telling me nothing I didn't know."

Six weeks later, in July 1952, we married in what I think is the smallest church in Britain at Tarring Neville. In Sussex. It was just as well it was a small

church. We couldn't afford a big wedding and when we caught the train to London all we had was £20 my parents had given us.

Our honeymoon was an after-noon in Notting Hill Gate where we had found a flat only the day before we got married. We blew nearly a pound on a celebratory meal which included a half bottle of vin rose.

Our rent was £4 10s a week and that meant, with our caprice, that we could last out for three weeks—four weeks if we pressed it. But with the optimism of a young married couple everything seemed perfect to us.

But I did get a job before the money ran out, working for Guildford rep. at £7 10s a week. Venetia got the odd small part on television but she had made up her mind to quit the theatre completely.

When our first child, Tim, came along, there was no argument about it.

I was glad we were living in London. In those days the considered mark of success was to appear in the West End. Happily one of the things that has happened in recent years is that this is no longer so. There may be fewer rep. companies about, but they are stronger. Rates of pay have improved. In fact, the whole trend in theatre is no longer

dominated by the London stage.

After Guildford, I went around a number of reps., Oxford, Nottingham, Perth, Leydon. One thing I started getting involved in too deeply I felt at the time was musicals and revues. I remember one job I got at the Criterion in *Intimacy* at £30. I understudied all the men in the cast and Fenella Fielding understudied all the women.

We also had to share the same dressing-rooms, which was quite hysterical.

I got a part in the same musical on a Combined Services Entertainment tour of Germany. That wasn't a bad cast. Nauman Wayne, Hy Hazell, Thelma Ruby—and a chap who was having a terrible time struggling to get back after being a child actor. Chap called Anthony Newley.

I had always been a bit of a singer, even from rep. days. But I wasn't keen on doing musicals in the expense of acting. So I made up my mind deliberately to put myself out of work and refuse to do any more revues.

I would wait until I could break into the West End, as an actor.

NEXT WEEK *Faithful* than international success—and the birth of *Callan* and why Woodward sang *Oh, what a beautiful morning* for Sir Noël Coward in New York.



# What Callan has done for me

Married to his beloved Venetia, Edward Woodward settled down in London to the serious business of trying to make a success of himself. In this final part of his life story, he tells KEN ROCHE about the two classical imposters—success and failure . . .

YOU MAY think it strange, if you've seen my occasional musical TV show *An Evening (or Another Evening) With Edward Woodward*, that when I could ill afford it, I frequently turned down work on musicals.

Yet I had made up my mind—and Venetia agreed with me. We'd had our first son, Tim, and No. 2, Peter, was on the way, and yet there I was, turning down work. Even though I needed the money.

It was simply because I wanted to act and I felt that getting too involved in musicals would hold me back in the long run.

Venetia, bless her, has never, in all our married life, expected me to do anything "just for the money." One reads a lot about failed marriages between actors and actresses. But an actor needs a wife who understands the particular drive he has.

So we struggled along. I would do the odd bit of repertory work here and the odd play there. One of those plays turned out to be *The Queen and the Welshman* by Rosemary Anne Sisson at Guildford. And it was with that I had my first real whiff of success.

It was 1957 and the producer decided to give it a whirl on the Edinburgh Festival "Fringe."

It was a beautiful play. Everything worked and it seemed to hit a chord somehow. For the first time I got national notices and it suddenly became the thing to go and see at the Festival.

Impresario Peter Bridge bought it and tried to get a theatre for it in London while we went on tour. Eventually we went in to the Lyric, Hammersmith, and then to the Criterion in the West End. It was reviewed on both occasions and I was in the wonderful position of having had three sets of rave notices in as many months.

Surely now, I was heading for big

things? But don't you believe it. Even though my next move—to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company at Stratford-upon-Avon—looked good, it all seemed to turn sour.

Glen Byam Shaw, the director, asked me to do the season with the Stratford company and at the end of it we did a marvellous two-month tour of Russia.

I remember thinking to myself: "This is it. When I get back the marvellous parts will start coming in."

What I actually got was my first television piece in *Emergency—Ward 101* I was Mr. Bridges of the Chest Unit.

Better off, I moved my family to an unfurnished flat in Chiswick, London. We could afford now to be a little more ambitious in our style of living.

But it just didn't happen. I got the odd few parts all right; and some television. But those two promising years just petered out into bits of yesterday's times. And slowly, almost imperceptibly, I slipped into a growing deep depression.

I began getting moody, loafing about at home, snapping at Venetia and the children. For the first time I could remember, I was beginning to question whether I was worth the bother at all.

Actors must have a kind of personal belief in themselves or they would never survive the knocks and the setbacks and the outright rejection they frequently go through.

I had never seriously questioned there would be some kind of success at the end of it all. Until now, when it was getting beyond me. I was beginning to lose the only thing that had driven me on; this quiet inner certainty that I could do it.

Without Venetia I would have gone completely mad. If ever I had been near



Scene from family life. A game in the garden of his London house for Edward Woodward, his daughter Sarah and Socrates, their dog



Behind the swagger and outsize nose it's Edward Woodward as Ronald's *Cyrano de Bergerac*.



After his success as Callan: a singing role in *Two Cities* based on *A Tale of Two Cities*



Rehearsing a song for his ITV Christmas show: Below: a scene from the new series of *Callan*.



As Scott Fitzgerald (top) for a TV biography, and as *Caesar* in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.



# The remarkable audition which got me singing on Broadway

to suicide it was during that period. Yet all the time, encouraging me, putting up with me, acting as my emotional prep, Venetia was there.

I hate to keep going on about this woman of mine—but if you've got a wife like her, or you are a wife like her, you'll know what I mean.

The best part about her cheerfulness was that it wasn't that phoney sort of liveliness. It wasn't all superficial piling on the head with the occasional "there, there, darling." It was real and quiet and meant something.

Then along came *Rattle of a Simple Man*, the story of a Northerner who comes to London for the Cup Final and meets up with a prostitute.

I knew I could get the accent right, because I have always tried to specialise in accents. And we opened at Richmond.

It was a bowler. One of the best nights of my theatrical career. And the upshot of it was that producer Michael Codron wanted to do it in London's West End—with me starring in it.

Then came the inevitable catch. There was going to be my name over the title, in lights, in the star part—in the West End—only not for another year...

Well, these things happen, and for various reasons I had to wait it out until the play could go on.

For six months I was out of work; not doing a thing except going down to the Labour Exchange to pick up my dole money.

That period was to take me straight back into depression. More this time from frustration than the previous rejection.

We had two children and another on the way. There was stardom yesterday and stardom tomorrow—but today there wasn't even jam on the bread.

Even worse, they kept telling me to audition for the girl to play opposite me in *Rattle*. My squeaked-up mind worried that it was a ruse to find someone to take my part and they weren't looking for a girl at all. I don't know how I could have thought that—seeing all the auditions were for girls and not for my role at all.

But that's the way a worried mind can work.

The opening of *Rattle* was still three months off, when I had a phone call. "How would you like to go to South Africa for a while?"

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Go and direct and play in *Rattle*



The Woodwards on holiday. Left to right: Peter, Sarah, Edward, Venetia

there for eight weeks at £120 a week."

Imagine my reaction? Up to then I had been lucky to earn £600 a year—almost any year—and there was a thousand quid just like that in a time when I needed it most!

That was the end of the trouble. I returned after the trip, found Sheila Hancock waiting to play opposite me for the opening...

So, in 1962, *Rattle of a Simple Man* opened at the Garrick Theatre. It was the kind of success you dream about. I remember Sir Noël Coward coming one night and presenting himself as my dressing-room. Apparently he only came to hear me speak in my normal accent. He had asked someone during the show if I came from Manchester.

"If he does, it's a very good performance," he said. "If he doesn't, it's brilliant."

*Rattle* did well enough to go to Broadway and they wanted me to be there. But I hedged even at this chance of international acclaim because Venetia was close to having the baby. I couldn't afford to take the family with me. What we had put by from *Rattle* was going towards a house we'd decided to buy in Twickenham, Middlesex. Even to do that I had to borrow £300 towards the deposit.

I had just got eight-months-pregnant Venetia into this big house, when I had to leave for America.

We were apart six months and although the play was a big hit, I swore we'd never be parted that long again.

Sarah was born and the night of the birth I went out for a celebration with some friends in Boston's Chinatown where we toured the week before the Broadway opening. At some point (I am sold) around three in the morning, I stood on the table,

toasted the manager and his restaurant for their splendid hospitality and announced I would name my little daughter after the restaurant.

This sort of dedication is taken quite seriously by the Chinese and, after this was explained to me, I had to take my suffering head back to the restaurant and apologise to the manager. How could I flatter her with the name "Ho-Ho"?

So I offered a compromise and thus I had to tell Venetia over the phone that evening we'd have to call her Boston.

"Oh no we're not," said Venetia. "She's going to be called Sarah Wendy."

Another compromise and that's why my little girl's called Sarah Wendy Boston Woodward.

In New York I was invited to tea by Sir Noël Coward who said somewhat slyly that he'd heard I could sing.

"After a fashion," I said. "Go and sing something," waving to the piano and ringing for someone to come in and accompany me. All I could remember was the first verse and chorus of *Oh What A Beautiful Morning*.

On the strength of that remarkable "audition" Noël offered me the leading role in his forthcoming *High Spirits* on Broadway. This was a musical version of his Forties' hit *Rattle Spirit*.

This time I insisted on taking the family and for the run of the show we had a marvellous time. And as soon as we returned to England we were able to indulge in the luxury of a long Devon holiday for the whole family.

About four days before we were due to leave for Devon a thick envelope appeared through the letterbox. It was an ITV script with a note from the casting director,

Dodo Watts, saying it was a natural for me. If I wanted it, rehearsals started next week...

After all the time I'd waited for work I wasn't going to fling up my hands now I could afford to be a bit choosy. But I knew I'd read it anyway.

Three times that evening I read it. A play called *A Magnum for Schneider*, by James Mitchell. At last I woke Venetia and said: "Sorry, Love, I can't make the holiday."

That weekend I drove her and the kids to Devon, left the car with them, and returned to London by train. On the Monday I did my first rehearsal in the part of Callan. Bill Bain directed it—and has since become one of my dearest friends.

I'm not sure how long Callan will last. It has certainly helped prove to me that this business is so tedious and so full of surprises that it's all worth it after all.

The disappointments and failures I've had will always help me keep a sense of perspective, on matter what I do in the future or have done in the past.

Naturally, Callan will always be a very special character to me. He brought me money and greater public recognition, and created openings that may not have happened if Callan had not become a household name.

He was to lead to me being asked to play Cassius and Scott Fitzgerald on TV. There was a singing role in a West End musical (based on *A Tale of Two Cities*).

I also was given a season at the National Theatre and when I look at pictures of myself as Cyrano de Bergerac with the long nose...

Callan, of course, very nearly "died" once. He was shot at the end of one series and I had more or less buried him and come out of mourning, when it was decided to resurrect him.

I'm told that when things were still in the air and it wasn't positive another series would be made, there was a huge, whitewashed slogan drenched over a Fleet Street wall that said: "CALLAN LIVES!"

For the future—well, as I have said, I don't know if Callan will be killed, retired or shelved after the new series, which begins in March. But I would like to make more films.

Callan has been my passport to wider things, but I don't want him to dominate me forever. But when I do put away my gun for the last time, it will be with more than a twinge of nostalgia and regret.



**8.0**

Edward Woodward has a swinging time with star guests like Dora Bryan

**8.0**

## The Edward Woodward Show

with DORA BRYAN

guest LESLIE PHILLIPS

Bill Nagy

Jacki Newman

The New Era Jazz Band

You can expect three-dimensional entertainment when a trio like Edward Woodward, Leslie Phillips and Dora Bryan get together for an hour.

But, in fact, getting together was the most difficult part of tonight's music and comedy show.

Leslie Phillips had to fit the programme in between rehearsals for his stage hit *The Man Most Likely To*—he finally missed two performances—and Dora Bryan was just recovering from an accident in Spain.

But get together they do for sketches which see Leslie and Edward in a dream setting, Dora as a suburbanite who has done everything, and Leslie surprising the other two in a 1920's collection.

Host Woodward reads William McGonagall's poem about Dundee University and includes among his songs *The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face*. Bill Nagy and Jacki Newman appear in the sketches, and The New Era Jazz Band join Edward for a surprise item. The music is by Geoff Love and his Orchestra, and the music associate is Syd Lucas.

WRITER ERIC MERRIMAN; DESIGNER TONY BORTER; DIRECTOR/ PRODUCER KEITH BECKETT

Thames Television Production